LINGVA:

OR,

THE COMBATE OF THE TONGVE,

And the fiue SENCES for SVPERIORITIE.

A pleasant Comœdie.

by A. Brewer

LONDON,
Printed by AVGVSTINE MATHEVVES, for
SIMON WATERSON.
1632.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Lingua. }
Auditus. } —— { *Comœdus.* / *Tragœdus.*

Mendacio Linguæ's Page.

Tactus. }
Olfactus. } —— { *Odor.* / *Tobacco.*

Viſus — { *Lumen.* / *Cœlum.* / *Terra.* / *Heraldry.* / *Color.* }

Guſtus — { *Bacchus, Ceres,* / *Beere.* }

Apetitus, a Paraſite.
Phantaſtes, Heureſis Phantaſte's Page.
Crapula, Guſtus his follower.
Communis Senſus.
Memoria, Anamneſtes Memory his Page.
Somnus.

Perſonæ quarum mentio tantum fit { *Pſythe.* / *Acraſia,* / *Veritas.* / *Obtinio.* }

The Scœne is *Microcoſmus* in a Grone.

The Time, from morning till night.

PROLOGE.

OVr Muſe *deſcribes no Louers Paſſion,*
No wretched Father, *no vnthrifty* Sonne:
No craſing ſubtile VVhore, *or ſhamele ſſe* Bawde,
Nor ſtubborne Clowne, *or daring* Paraſite,
No lying Seruant, *or bold* Sychophant.
We are not wanton, or Satyricall.
Theſe haue their time and places fit, but We
Sad houres, and ſerious ſtudies, to reprime,
Haue taught ſeuere Philoſophy *to ſmile.*
The Senſes *raſh contentious We compoſe,*
And giue diſpleas'd ambitions tongue her due:
Heere's all Indicious friends, accept what is not ill,
Who are not ſuch, let them doe what they will.

Actus

Actus. 1: Scœna. 1.

Lingua, *apparelled in a Crimſon Satten Gowne, a Dreſſing of White Roſes, a little Skeane tied in a purple Scarfe, a paire of White Buskins drawne with white Ribband, Silke Garters, Gloues, &c.*

Auditus, *in a Garland of Bayes, entermingled with white and Red Roſes vpon a falſe haire, a cloth of Siluer Mantle vpon a payre of Satten Baſes, wrought Sleeues, Buskins. Gloues, &c.*

Lingua, Auditus.

Ling. NAy good *Auditus* doe but heare me ſpeake;
Aud. *Lingua* thou ſtrik'ſt too much vpon one ſtring,
The tedious plaine-ſong grates my tender eares.
Ling. Tis plaine indeed, for trueth no deſcant needs,
Lingua's her name, ſhe cannot be diuided.
Aud. O but the ground it ſelfe is nought, from whence
Thou canſt not reliſh out a good diuiſion:
Therefore at length ſur-ceaſe, proue not ſtarke mad,
Hopeleſſe to proſecute a hapleſſe ſuit:
For though (perchance) thy firſt ſtraines pleaſing are,
I dare ingage my eares, the cloze will jarre.
Ling. If then your confidence eſteeme my cauſe,
To be ſo friuolous and weakely wrought,
Nay doe you dayly ſubtill plots deuiſe,
To ſtop me from the eares of common Senſe?
Whom ſince our great *Queene Pſyche* hath ordain'd,
For his ſound wiſedome, our Vice-gouernour,
To him, and to his too wiſe aſſiſtance,
Nymble *Phantaſies*, and firme *Memory*:
My ſelfe and cauſe, I humbly doe commit,
Let them but heare and judge, I wiſh no more.
Aud Should they but know thy raſh preſumption,
They would correct it in the ſharpeſt ſort:
Good *Ione* what Senſe haſt thou to be a Senſe;
Since from the firſt foundation of the VVorld,
We neuer were accounted more then fiue;
Yet you, for-ſooth, an idle prating Dame,
Would faine increaſe the number, and vpſtart.

To our high ſeates, decking your babling ſelfe
With vſurp't titles of our dignity.
Ling. An idle prating Dame: know fond *Auditus*,
Records affirme my title full as good,
As his amongſt the fiue is counted beſt.
Aud. *Lingua* confeſſe the truth, th'art wont to lye.
Ling. I ſay ſo too, therefore I doe not lye,
But now ſpight of you all I ſpeake the truth.
You fiue amongſt vs ſubiects tyrannize,
Making the Sacred name of common Sence,
A cloake to couer our enormities:
He beares the rule, he's Iudge, but Iudgeth ſtill,
As hee's inform'd by your falſe euidence:
So that a Plaintiffe cannot haue acceſſe,
But through your gates, he heares, but what? nought elſe
But that thy crafty eares to him conueyes,
And all he ſees, is by proud *Viſus* ſhewed him,
And what he touches is by *Tactus* hand,
And ſmels I know, but through *Olfactus* Noſe,
Guſtus begins to him what ere he taſtes:
By theſe quaint tricks free paſſage hath beene bar'd
That I could neuer equally be heard.
But well, 'tis well. *And.* *Lingua* thy feeble ſexe,
Hath hitherto with-held my ready hands,
That long'd to plucke that nimble inſtrument.
Ling. O horrible ingratitude! that thou,
That thou of all the reſt ſhould'ſt threaten me:
Who by my meanes conceiu'ſt as many tongues,
As *Neptune* cloſeth lands betwixt his armes:
The ancient *Hebrew* clad with myſteries,
The learned *Greeke* rich in fit Epithites,
Bleſt in the louely marriage of pure words,
The *Caldy* wiſe, the *Arabian* Phyſicall,
The *Romane* eloquent, the *Tuſcane* Graue,
The brauing *Spaniſh*, and the ſmooth-tong'd *French*,
Theſe precious Iewels that adorne thine eares,
All from my mouthes rich Cabinet are ſtolne,
How oft haſt thou beene chain'd vnto my tongue?
Hang'd at my lips, and rauiſht with my words,

So

So that a ſpeech faire feather'd could not flie:
But thy eares pit-fall caught it inſtantly.
But now O Heauens!

Aud. O Heauens thou wrong'ſt me much,
Thou wrong'ſt me much thus falſely to vpbraid me:
Had I not granted thee the vſe of hearing,
That ſharpe edg'd tongue whetted againſt her Maſter,
Thoſe purling lungs, thoſe teeth, thoſe dropſie lips.
That ſcalding throat, thoſe noſtrils full of ire:
Thy Palate, proper inſtruments of ſpeech,
Like to the winged chaunters of the wood,
Vttering nought elſe but idle ſiſtements,
Tunes without ſence, words inarticulare,
Had nere bin able t'haue abus'd me thus,
Words are thy children, but of my begetting.

Ling. Perfidious Lyar, how can I endure thee,
Cal'ſt thou my vnſpotted chaſtity in queſtion?
O could I vſe the breath mine anger ſpends,
Id'e make thee know.

Aud. Heauens looke on my diſtreſſe,
Defend me from this rayling viperesſe,
For if I ſtay, her words ſharpe Vineger
Will fret me through, *Lingua* I muſt be gone:
I heare one call me more then earneſtly. *Exit Auditus.*

Ling. Nay the loud cannoning of thunder-bolts,
Screeking of Wolues, howling of tortur'd Ghoſts
Purſue thee ſtill and fill thy amazed eares
VVith cold aſtoniſhment and horrid feares.
O how theſe Senſes muffle common ſenſe,
And more and more with pleaſing objects ſtriue,
To dull his judgement and peruert his will
To their be-heſts; who, were he not ſo wrapt
I'th duskie clouds of their darke policies,
Would neuer ſuffer right to ſuffer wrong:
Fie *Lingua* wilt thou now degenerate?
Art not a Woman? do'ſt not loue reuenge?
Delightfull ſpeeches, ſweete perſwaſions?
I haue this long time vs'd to get my right,
My right, that is, to make the Senſes fixe;

And haue both name and power with the reſt.
Oft haue I ſeaſoned ſauory periods,
With ſugred words, to delude *Guſtus* taſte,
And oft embeliſht my entreatiue phraſe
VVith ſmelling flowers of vernant Rhetorique,
Limming and flaſhing it with various Dyes,
To draw proud *Viſus* to me by the eyes:
And oft perfum'd my petitory ſtile,
With Ciuet-ſpeeches, t'entrap *Olfactus* Noſe,
And clad my ſelfe in Silken Eloquence,
To allure the nicer touch of *Tactus* hand,
But al's become loſt labour, and my cauſe,
Is ſtill procraſtinated; therefore now,
Hence ye baſe off-ſpring of a broken mind,
Supple intreaties and ſmoth flatteries:
Go kiſſe the loue-ſicke lippes of pulling Guls,
That ſtill their Braine to queneh their loues diſdaine,
Go guild the tongues of Bawds and Paraſites,
Come not within my thoughts. But thou Deceipt,
Breake vp the pleaſure of my brim-full breſt,
Enrich my mind with ſubtill policies.
VVell then I'le goe, whither? nay what know I?
And do, in faith I will, the deuill knowes what,
VVhat if I ſet them all at variance,
And ſo obtaine to ſpeake, it muſt be ſo.
It muſt be ſo, but how? there lies the point:
How? thus; tut this deuice will neuer proue,
Augment it ſo, 'twill be to ſoone diſcride,
Or ſo, not ſo, 'tis too too dangerous,
Piſh, none of theſe, what if I take this courſe? ha?
VVhy there it goes, good, good, moſt excellent,
He that will catch Eeles muſt diſturbe the floud,
The Chickins hatcht yfaith, for they are proud,
And ſoone will take a cauſe of diſagreement.

ACTVS. 1. SCENA. 2.

Mendacio, *attired in a Taffata Suite of a light colour changeable, like an ordinary Page, Gloues, Hamper.*

Lingua, Mendacio.

Lin. I see the Heauens nurse my new-borne deuice,
For loe my Page *Mendacio* comes already,
To file and burnish that I hammerd out,
Neuer in better time *Mendacio*,
VVhat hast thou done? *Men.* Done, yes long agoe,
Ling. Is't possible thou shouldst dispatch so soone?
Men. Madame I had no sooner told
Tactus, that *Gustus* would faine speake with him:
But I spied *Visus*, *Gustus* and the rest,
And serued them all with sawce of seuerall lies:
Now the last Sense I spake of was *Olfactus*,
VVho hauing smelt the meaning of my message,
Straight blew his Nose, and quickly puft me hither,
But in the VVhirle-wind of his furious blast,
Had not by chance, a Cob-web held me fast,
Mendacio had beene with you long ere this.
Lin. Witnesse this lye, *Mendacio's* with me now,
But sirra, out of jesting, will they come?
Men. Yes, and it like your Lady-ship presently:
Here you may haue me prest to flatter them.
Lin. Ile flatter no such proud Companions,
Twill doe no good, therefore I am determined
To leaue such baseneſſe.
Men. Then, shall turne and bid them stay at home?
Lin. No, for their comming hither to this Groue,
Shall be a meanes to further my deuice,
Therefore I pray thee *Mendacio* goe presently,
Runne you vile Ape. *Men.* Whither?
Lin. What do'st thou stand? *Men.* Till I know what to do.
Lin. S'precious tis true,
So might'st thou finely ore runne thy errand,
Hast to my Chest. *Men.* I, I. *Lin.* There shalt thou find
A gorgeous Robe and golden Coronet,
Conuey them hither nimbly, let none see them. *Exit Mendacio.*
Men. Madam, I flye, I flye. *Lin.* But here you sirra.
Locke vp your fellow seruant *Veritas*. *Men.* I warrant you,
You need not feare so long as I am with you, *He goes out and*

What

VVhat colour is the Robe? *omnes in presently.*
Lin. There is but one. *Mendacio going returnes in hast.*
Men. The Key Madam, the Key.
Lin. By *Iuno* how forgetfull is sudden speed?
Here take it, runne. *Men.* Ile be here instantly. *Exit Mendacio.*

ACTVS 1. SCENA. 3.

Lingua sola.

Ling. VVhilome this Crowne and gorgious Ornament,
VVere the great prize, for which fiue Orators,
VVith the sharpe weapon of their tongues contended;
But all their speeches were so equall wrought,
And a like gracious, that if his were witty,
His was as wise; the thirds faire eloquence
Did parale lthe fourths firme grauity,
The last good gesture kept the ballance euen
VVith all the rest, so that the sharpest eye,
And most judicious censor could not judge
To whom the hanging victory should fall:
Therefore with one consent they all agreed,
To offer vp both Crowne and Robe to me,
As the chiefe Patronesse of their profession:
VVhich heretofore I holily haue kept,
Like to a Misers gold, to looke on only;
Bet now I'de put them to a better vse,
And venture both in hope to——

ACTVS. 1. SCENA. 4.

Mendacio, Lingua.

Men. Haue I not hied me Madam? looke you heere,
VVhat shall be done with these temptations?
Ling. They say a golden Ball
Bred enmitie betwixt three Goddesses;
So shall this Crowne be author of debate
Betwixt fiue Senses. *Men.* VVhere shall it be layd?
Ling. There, there, there, 'tis well, so, so, so.
Men. A Crown's a pleasing baite to looke vpon,

The

The craftieſt Foxe will hardly ſcape this trap.
Ling. Come let's away and leaue it to the chance.
Men. Nay rather let me ſtand cloſe hereabouts
And ſee the euent. *Lin.* Doe ſo, and if they doubt
How it came there, faine them ſome pretty fable,
How that ſome God— *Men.* Tut, tut, tut, let me alone,
I that haue fained ſo many hundred gods,
Can eaſily forge ſome fable for the turne,
Whiſt Madame, away, away, you fright the Foule,
Tactus comes hard by, looke you. *Ling.* Iſt he for certaine?
Men. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis he. *Ling.* 'Tis he indeed. *Exit Lingua*

Actus Primus. Scæna Quinta.

Tactus *in a darke colowred Satten Mantle ouer a payre of ſilke Baſes, a Garland of Bayes, mixt with white and red Roſes, vpon a blacke Grogaram, a Eanlchion, wrought ſleeues, Buskins, &c.*

Mendacio, Tactus.

Men. Now chaſt *Diana* grant my Nets to hold.
Tact. The blaſting child-hood of the cherefull morne
Is almoſt growne a youth, and ouer-climbes
Yonder guilt Eaſterne hils, about which time,
Guſtus moſt earneſtly inportun'd me,
To meete him here-abouts, what cauſe I know not.
Men. You ſhall doe ſhortly to your coſt I hope.
Tact. Sure by the Sunne it ſhould bee nine a clocke,
Men. What a ſtarre-grazer, will you nere looke downe?
Tact. C'eere is the Sunne, and blew the Firmament,
Me thinkes the heauens doe ſmile. *Tactus ſneezeth.*
——*Mend.* At thy miſhap,
To looke ſo high and ſtumble in a trap.
Tactus ſtumbleth at the Robe and Crowne.
Tact. High thoughts haue ſlippery feete, I had well nigh falne.
Men. Wel doth he fal that riſeth with a fal. *Tact.* What's this?
Men. O are you taken, 'tis in vaine to ſtriue. *Tact.* How now?
Men. You'l be ſo intangled ſtraight. *Tact.* A Crowne?
Men. That will be heard. *Tact.* And a Robe.
Men. To looſe your ſelfe. *Tact.* A Crowne and a Robe.
Men. It had bin fitter for you to haue found a fooles Coat, and a

Bable, hey, hey. *Tac.* *Iupiter*, *Iupiter*, how came this here?
Men. O Sir, *Iupiter* is making Thunder, he heares you not, her's one knowes better. *Tac.* Tis wondrous rich, ha, but ſure it is not, Doe I not ſleepe and dreame of this good lucke, ha? (ſo, ho, No I am awake, and feele it now *He takes it vp.*
Whoſe ſhould it be? *Men.* Set vp a *Siquis* for it.
Tac. *Mercury*, al's mine owne, here's none to cry halfes mine.
Men. When I am gone. *Exit Mendacio.*

Actus Primus. *Scæna Sexta.*

Tactus ſolus.

Tac. *Tactus*, thy ſneezing ſomewhat did portend.
Was euer man ſo fortunate as I?
To breake his ſhins at ſuch a ſtumbling blocke?
Roſes and Bayes packe hence: this Crowne and Robe,
My browes and body circles and inueſts.
How gallantly it fits me, ſure the ſlaue,
Meaſur'd my head that wrought this Coronet.
They lie that ſay Complections cannot change;
My Blood's enobled, and I am transform'd,
Vnto the Sacred temper of a King:
Me thinkes I heare my noble Paraſites
Stiling me *Caſar*, or great *Alexander*,
Licking my feete, and wondring where I got
This precious ointment: How my pace is mended?
How Princely doe I ſpeake, how ſharpe I threaten?
Peaſants Ile curbe your head-ſtrong impudence,
And make you tremble when the Lyon roares,
Ye earth bred wormes. oh for a looking glaſſe:
Poets will write whole volumes of this ſcarre,
W her's my attendants? Come hither ſirra quickly,
Or by the wings of *Hermes.*——

Actus Primus. *Scæna Septima.*

Olfactus, *in a Garland of Bayes intermingled with white and red Roſes vpon a falſe haire, his ſleeues wrought with flowers vnder a Damaske Mantle ouer a paire of ſilke Baſes, a paire of Buskins drawne with Ribband, a Flower in his hand.*

Tactus

Tactus, Olfactus.

Tac. Ay me *Olfactus* comes, I cal'd too ſoone,
Heele haue halfe part I feare. What ſhall I doe? *Tactus wraps*
Where ſhall I runne, how ſhall I ſhift him off? *vp the Robe and*
Olf. This is the time, and this the place appointed, *Crowne and*
Where *Viſus* promiſ'd to conferre with me, *ſits downe*
I thinke hee's there —— No, no, 'tis *Tactus* ſure. *vpon them.*
How now, what makes you ſit ſo nicely?
Tac. It's paſt imagination, it's ſo indeed.
Olf. How faſt his deedes are fixed, and how melancholy hee lookes? *Tactus, Tactus.*
Tac. For this is true, Mans life is wondrous brittle,
Olf. Hee's mad, I thinke, he talkes ſo idely, ſo ho, *Tactus,*
Tac. And many haue beene metamorphoſed,
To ſtranger matters, and more vncoth formes.
Olf. I muſt goe neerer him, he doth not heare.
Tac. And yet me thinkes I ſpeake as I was wont,
And —— *Olf. Tactus, Tactus.*
Tac. Olfactus as thou lou'ſt me come not neere me.
Olf. Why? art thou hatching egs, th'art fear'd to breake them?
Tac. Touch me not, leſt thou chance to breake my life.
Olf. VVhat's this vnder thee?
Tac. If thou meddle with me I am vtterly vndone.
Olf. VVhy man? what ailes thee?
Tac. Let me alone and Ile tell thee,
Lately I came from fine *Phantaſtes* houſe.
Olf. So I beleeue, for th'art very fooliſh.
Tac. No ſooner had I parted out of doores,
But vp I held my hands before my face:
To ſhield my eyes from the Lights piercing beames,
VVhen, I proteſt, I ſaw the Sunne as cleare,
Through theſe my palmes as through a proſpectiue,
No maruaile, for when I beheld my fingers,
I ſaw my fingers were transform'd to glaſſe,
Opening my Breſt, my Breſt was like a VVindow,
Through which I plainely did perceiue my heart:
In whoſe two Conclaues I diſcern'd my thoughts,
Confuſedly lodg'd in great multitudes.

Olf. Ha,ha,ha,why this is excellent,
Momus himſelfe can find no fault with thee,
Thou mak'ſt a paſſing fine *Anotomy*.
And decide the queſtion much diſputed:
Betwixt the *Galeniſts* and *Ariſtotle*.

Tact. But when I had ariu'd and ſet me downe,
Viewing my ſelfe,my ſelfe,ay me! was chang'd,
As now thou ſeeſt a perfect Vrinall.

Olf. I'a perfect Vrinal, O monſtrous, monſtrous,art not mad
to thinke ſo? *Tact.* I doe not thinke ſo,but ſay I am ſo,
Therefore *Olfactus* come not neere I adviſe you.

Olf. See the ſtrange working of dul melancholly,
Whoſe droſſy drying the feeble Braine,
Corrupts the Sence,deludes the intellect.
And in the ſoules faire Table falſly graues,
Whole ſquadrons of phantaſtical *Chimeras*,
And thouſand vaine imaginations:
Making ſome thinke their heads as big as Horſes,
Some that th'are dead,ſome that th'are turn'd to Wolues;
As now it makes him thinke himſelfe all glaſſe,
Tactus diſſwade thy ſelfe thou doſt but thinke ſo.

Tact. Olfactus if thou loueſt me get thee gone,
I am a Vrinal I dare not ſtirre,
For feare of cracking the bottome. *Olf.* Wilt thou ſit thus al day?

Tac. Vnleſſe thou helpe me.

Olf. Bedlam muſt helpe thee,what woul'dſt haue me doe?

Tac. Goe to the City,make a caſe for me,
Stuffe it with Wooll,then come againe and fetch.

Olf. Ha,ha,ha,thoul't be laught out of caſe and countenance.

Tac. I care not,ſo it muſt be or I cannot ſtirre.

Olf. I had beſt leaue troubling him, hee's obſtinate (Vrinall Ile leaue you)but aboue all things take heed *Iupiter* ſees you not,for if hee doe, he'le nere make water in a Siue; againe thou ſhalt ſerue his turne ſo fit to carry his water vnto *Aſculapius*, farewel Vrinal, farewell. *Exit Olfactus.*

Tact. Speake not ſo loud, the ſound's enough to cracke mee. What is he gone? I an Vrinall,ha,ha,ha,I proteſt I might haue had my face waſht finely,if he had meant to abuſe me,I an Vrinall, ha, ha,ha,go to, Vrinal you haue ſcapt a faire ſcouring,well Ile away,

and

and get mee to mine owne house, there Ile locke vp my selfe fast,
playing the Chimicke, augmenting this owne Crowne to troupes
of Angels, with which gold-winged messengers I meane,
To worke great wonders, as to build and purchase,
Fare daintily, tye vp mens tongues, and loose them,
Command their liues, their goods, their liberties,
And captiue all the World with chaines of gold,
Hey, hey terry linkum tinkum. *He offers to goe out, but comes in suddenly amazed.*
O *Hercules*
Fortune the Queene, delights to play with me,
Stopping my passage with the sight of *Visus*,
But as he makes hither Ile make hence,
There's more waies to the wood then one. *He offers to go out at the other doore, but returnes in hast.*
What, more Deuils to affright me?
O Diabolo, *Gustus* comes here to vexe me.
So that I poore wretch, am like a shittle-cocke betweene two Battledors. If I runne there, *Visus* beates me to *Scilla*, If here, then *Gustus* blowes me to *Carybdis*;
Neptune hath sworne my hope shall suffer ship-wracke.
What shall I say?
Mine Vrinal's too thin to bide the fury of such stormes as these.

Actus Primus. Scæna Octauus.

Visus *in a Garland of Bayes mixt with White and red Roses, a light coloured Taffata Mantle striped with silver, and fringed vpon greene-silke Bases, Buskins, &c.*
Gustus *in the same fashion differing onely in colour.*
Tactus *in a corner of the Stage,*

Visus, Gustus, Tactus.

Vis. *Gustus* good day. *Gus.* I cannot haue a bad,
Meeting so faire an *Omen* as your selfe.
Tact. Shal I? wilt proue? ha! well 'tis best to venture. *Tactus puts on the Robe*
Gus. Saw you not *Tactus*, I should speake with him?
Tac. Perchance so, a sudden lye hath best lucke.
Vis. That face is his, or else mine ey's deceiu'd,
Why how now *Tactus*, what so gorgeous?
Gus. Where didst thou get these faire habiliments?

Tac. Stand backe I charge you as you loue your liues,
By *Styx* the firſt that toucheth me ſhall dye.
Viſ. I can diſcerne no weapon, wil he kill vs?
Tac. Kill you? not I, but come not neere you had beſt.
Viſ. VVhy art thou mad? *Tac.* Friends as you loue your liues
Venture not once to come within my reach.
Guſ. Why do'ſt threaten ſo?
Tac. I doe not threaten, but in pure loue aduiſe for the beſt,
Dare not to touch me, but hence fly apace,
Adde wings vnto your feet, and ſaue your liues.
Viſ. Why what's the matter, *Tactus* prethee tell me?
Tac. If you will needs ieopard your liues ſo long,
As heare the ground of my amazedneſſe,
Then for your better ſafetie ſtand aſide.
Guſ. How ful of Ceremonies, ſure hee'le coniure,
For ſuch like Robes Magitians vſe to weare,
Viſ. Ile ſee the end, though he ſhould vnlocke hell:
And ſet th'infernall Hags at liberty.
Tac. How raſh is man on bidden armes to ruſh,
It was my chance, O chance moſt miſerable,
To walke that way that to *Crumena* leades.
Guſ. You meane *Cremona* a little towne hard by.
Tac. I ſay *Crumena* called *Vacua*,
A towne which doth, and alwayes hath belong'd
Chiefely to Schollers: from *Crumena* wall,
I ſaw a man came ſtealing craftily,
Apparelled in this veſture which I weare.
But ſeeing me, eft-ſoones, he tooke his heeles,
And threw his garment from him all in haſt,
Which I perceiuing to be richly wrought,
Tooke it me vp: But good now get you gone,
VVarn'd by my harmes, and ſcape my miſery.
Viſ. I know no danger, leaue theſe circumſtances.
Tac. No ſooner had I put it on my backe,
But ſuddenly my eyes began to dim,
My ioints waxe ſore, and all my body burne,
VVith moſt inteſtiue torture, and at length,
It was too evident, I caught the plague.
Viſ. The plague, away good *Guſtus* lets be gone,

I doubt 'tis true, now I remember me
Crumena vacua neuer wants the plague.
Guſ. *Tactus* Ile put my ſelfe in jeopardy to pleaſure thee.
Tac. No gentle *Guſtus*, your abſence is the onely thing I wiſh,
Leſt I infect you with company. *Guſ.* Farewell. *Exit Guſtus.*
Viſ. I willingly would ſtay to doe thee good.
Tac. A thouſand thankes, but ſince I needes muſt dye,
Let it ſuffice, death only murders me,
O'tvvould augment the dolour of my death,
To know my ſelfe the moſt vnhappy bow,
Through which pale death ſhould aime his ſhafts at you.
Viſ. *Tactus* farewell, yet dye vvith this good hope,
Thy corps ſhall be interred as it ought. *Exit Viſus.*
Tac. Goe make my Tombe, prouide my Funerals, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Excellent Aſſes, thus to be deluded,
Bewaile his death, and cruell deſtinies,
That liues, and laughs your fooleries to ſcorne,
But wher's my Crowne, oh heere: I well deſerue,
Thus to be Crowned for two great victories, ha, ha, ha,
Viſus take care my corps be well inter'd:
Go make my tombe, and write vpon the ſtone.

Here lyes the Senſe, that lying gul'd them all,
With a falſe plague, and feigned vrinall.

Actus Primus. Scæna Nona.

Auditus, Tactus.

Aud. *Tactus, Tactus.*
Tac. O *Iupiter* 'tis *Auditus*, al's mar'd, I doubt the ſlie knaue, heares ſo farre, but yet Ile grope him: how now Eares, what make you here, ha?
Aud. Nay what make you here, I pray what were you talking euen now, of an Aſſe, and a Crowne, and a Vrinall, and a plague?
Tac. A plague on you, what I? *Aud.* Oh, what you.
Tac. O I had well nigh forgot, nothing but I ſay——
Aud. What?
Tac. That if a man (do you marke ſir) being ſicke of the plague (doe you ſee ſir) had a, a, hem, hem, (this cold troubles me, it makes mee cough ſometimes extreamely) had a *French* Crowne (ſir

(ſir you vnderſtand me) lying by him, and (come hither, come hither) and would not beſtow two pence (doe you heare) to buy an Vrinall (doe you marke me) to carry his water to the Phyſitian (hem)

Aud. What of all this?

Tac. I ſay ſuch a one was a very Aſſe, this was all I vſe to ſpeake to my ſelfe when I am alone; but *Auditus*, when ſhall wee heare a new ſet of ſinging-bookes, or the Viols, on the conſort of inſtruments.

Aud. This was not all, for I heard mention of a Tombe, and an Epitaph.

Tac. True, true, I made my ſelfe merry with this Epitaph, vpon ſuch a fooles Tombe, thus a thus thus, plague brought this man (foh I haue forgotten) oh thus, plague brought this man (ſo, ſo, to) vnto his buriall becauſe, becauſe, (hem, hem) becauſe he would not buy an Vrinall; come, come *Auditus*, ſhall we heare thee play, the *Lyeroway*, or the *Luteway*, on the Cornet, or any Muſicke, I am greatly reuiued when I heare.

Aud. Tactus, Tactus, this will not ſerue, I heard all, you haue not found a Crowne: you, no, haue you not.

Actus Primus. Scœna vltima.

Tactus, Auditus, Viſus, Guſtus, Mendacio.

Tac. Peace, peace, faith peace, come hither, harke thee good (now

Aud. I cannot hold, I muſt needes tell.

Tac. O doe not, do not, do not, come hither, will you be a foole?

Viſ. Had he not wings vpon his feete and ſhoulders?

Men. Yes, and a fine wand in his hand,
Curiouſly wrapped with a paire of ſnakes.

Tac. Will haife content you, piſh 'twill nere be knowne.

Guſ. My life 'twas *Mercury*.

Men. I doe not know his name, but this I am ſure, his hat had wings vpon't. *Viſ.* Doubtleſſe 'twas hee, but ſay my Boy, what did hee?

Men. Firſt I beheld him houering in the ayre,
And then downe ſtooping, with a hundred gires:
His feete he fixt on Mount *Cephalon*,
From whence he flew, and lighted on that plaine,
And with diſdainfull ſteps ſome glided thither:
Whither ariu'd, he ſuddenly vnfoulds,

A gorgeous Robe, and glittering Ornament,
And layd them all vpon that hillocke:
This done, he watts his hand, tooke wing againe,
And in a moment vaniſht out of ſight,
With that, mine eyes gan ſtare, and heart grew cold,
And all my quiuering joynts with ſweat bedeaw'd:
My heeles, me-thought had wings as well as his,
And ſo away I runne, but by the way
I met a man, as I thought comming thither.

Guſ. What markes had he?

Men. He had a great—what! this is he, this is he.

Viſ. What *Tactus*?

Guſ. This was the plague vext him ſo,
Tactus your Grave gapes for you, are you ready?

Viſ. Since you muſt needes dye, doe as others doe,
Leaue all your goods behind you; bequeath the
Crowne and Robe to your Executors.

Tac. No ſuch matter; I like the *Egyptian* Knights (liuer
For the more ſtate, will bee buried in them, *Viſ.* Come, come, de-

Viſus ſnatcheth the Crowne, and ſees the letters grauen in it.

Tac. What will you take my purſe from me?

Viſ. No, but a Crowne that's juſt more then your owne,
Ha, what's this? 'tis a very ſmall hand,
What Inſcription is this?

He of the fiue that proues himſelfe the beſt,
Shall haue his Temples with this Coronet bleſt.

This Crowne is mine, and mine this garment is,
For I haue alwayes beene accounted beſt.

Tac. Nexter me, I as your ſelfe at any time: beſides I found it firſt, therefore 'tis mine.

Guſ. Neither of yours, but mine as much as both.

Aud. And mine the moſt of any of you all.

Viſ. Giue me it, or elſe——

Tac. Ile make you late repent it——

Guſ. Preſumptious as you are——

Aud. Spite of your teeth——

Men. Neuer till now, a ha, it workes apace,
Viſus I know 'tis yours, and yet me thinkes
Auditus you ſhould haue ſome challenge too't;

But that your title *Tactus* is ſo good,
Guſtus I would ſweare the Coronet were yours.
What, will you all goe brawle about a trifle?
View but the pleaſant Coaſts of *Microcoſme*,
Is't not great pittie to be rent with warres?
Is't not a ſhame to ſtaine with briniſh teares,
The ſmiling cheekes of euer-cheerefull peace?
Is't not farre better to liue quietly,
Then broyle in fury of diſſention?
Giue me the Crowne ye ſhall not diſagree
If I can pleaſe you; Ile play *Paris* part,
And moſt vnpartiall Iudge the controuerſie.
Viſ. Sauce-box goe meddle with your Ladies fanne,
And prate not heere.
Men. I ſpeake not for my ſelfe, but for my Countries ſafe com-
Viſ. Sirra, be ſtill. (moditie.
Men. Nay and you be ſo hot the Deuill part you,
Ile to *Olfactus* and ſend him amongſt you.
O that I were *Alecto* for your ſakes:
How liberally would I beſtow my ſnakes. *Exit Mendacio.*
Viſ. Tactus vpon thine honour,
I challenge thee to meete me here,
Strong as thou canſt prouide in th'afternoone.
Tac. I vndertake the challenge, and heres my hand
In ſigne thou ſhalt be anſwered.
Guſ. Tactus Ile joyne with thee on this condition,
That if we win he that fought beſt of vs
Shall haue the Crowne, the other weare the Robe.
Tac. Giue me your hand, I like the Motion.
Viſ, Auditus ſhall we make our forces double,
Vpon the ſame termes?
Au. Very willingly.
Viſ. Come lets away feare not the victory.
Right's more aduantage, then an hoſt of Souldiers. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Appetitus. *A long leane raw-bon'd fellow in a Souldiers coate, a ſword, &c.*

Mendacio

Mendacio, Appetitus.

Me. I Long to ſee thoſe hot-ſpur-Senſes at it, they ſay they haue Gallant preparations, and not vnlikely, for moſt of the Souldiers are ready in Armes, ſince the laſt field fought againſt their yeerely enemie, *Meleager*, and his wife *Acraſia*, that Conqueſt hath ſo fleſht them, that no peace can hold them, but had not *Meleager* beene ſicke, and *Acraſia drunke*, the Senſes might haue whiſtled for the victory.

Ap. Foh, what a ſtinke of gunpowder is yonder?

Men. Who's this? oh, oh, 'tis *Appetitus*, *Guſtus* hungry Paraſit.

Appe. I cannot endure the ſmoking of Guns, the thundring of Drums; I had rather heare the merry hacking of Pot-herbes, and ſee the reaking of a hot Capon: If they would vſe no other Bucklers in war, but ſhields of Brawne, brandiſh no ſwords but ſwords of Bacon, traile no ſpeares, but ſparibs of Porke, and inſtead of Harguebuſh-pieces, diſcharge Hartichoke-pies, toſſe no Pikes but boiled Pickrels, then *Appetitus* would rouze vp his Creſt, and beare vp himſelfe with the proudeſt.

Men. Ah, here's a youth ſtarke-naught at a Trench, but old dog at a Trencher, a tall Squire at a ſquare Table.

Appe. But now my good Maſters muſt pardon me, I am not for their ſeruice, for their ſeruice is without ſeruice, and indeed their ſeruice is too hot for my diet. But if I be not my ſelfe, but onely this be my ſpirit that wanders vp and downe, and *Appetitus* bee kild in the Campe? the Deuill hee is as ſoone, how's that poſſible? tut, tut, I know I am, I am *Appetitus*, and aliue too, by this infallible token, that I feele my ſelfe hungry.

Men. Thou mightſt haue taken a better token of thy ſelfe, by knowing thou art a foole.

Appe. Well then, though I made my fellow Souldiers admire the beautie of my backe, and admire the nimblenеſſe of my heeles, yet now will I at ſafety at home, tell in what dangers they are in abroad, Ile ſpeake nothing but Guns, and glaues, and ſtaues, and phalanges, and ſquadrons, and barracadoes, ambuſcadoes, palm does, blanke-point-dept, counter-point, counter-ſcarfe, ſallies and lies, ſalladoes, tarrantaras, ranta, tara, tara, hey.

Men. I muſt take the fife out of his mouth or heele nere adone.

Appe. But aboue al, I'le be ſure on my knees to thank the great-

Men. Who am I? who am I? who I? *Mendacio binds him.*

Appe. By the blood ſtain'd Fauchion of manors——I am on your ſide.

Men. VVhy who am I? *Ap.* Are you a Souldier? *Men.* No.

Ap. Then you are Maſter *Helmo* the Beare-heard.

Men. No, no, hee's dead.

Ap. Or *Gulono* the gutty Serieant, or *Delphino* the Vintner, or elſe I know you not, for theſe are all my acquaintance.

Men. VVould I were hang'd if I be any of theſe.

Ap. VVhat *Mendacio*, by the faith of a Knight, thou art welcome, I muſt borrow thy whetſtone to ſharpen the edges of my martiall complements.

Men. By the faith of a Knight: what a pox, where are thy ſpurs?

Ap. I need no ſpurs, I ride like *Pegaſſus* on a winged horſe, on a ſwift Gennet, my boy called Feare.

Men. VVhat ſhould'ſt thou feare in the wars? he's not a geod Souldier that hath not a good ſtomacke.

Ap. O but the ſtinke of Powder ſpoiles *Appetitus* ſtomack, and then thou know'ſt when tis gone, *Appetitus* is dead; therefore I very manfully drew my ſword, and flouriſht it brauely about my eares, kiſt, and finding my ſelfe hurt, moſt manfully ranne away.

Men. All heart indeed, for thou ranſt like a Hart out of the field, it ſeemes then the Senſes meane to fight it out.

Ap. I, and out-fight themſelues I thinke, and all about a triffle, a paltry bable, found I know not where.

Men. Thou art deceiu'd, they fight for more then that, a thing called ſuperiority, of which the Crowne is but an Embleme.

Ap. *Mendacio* hang this ſuperiority, Crowne me no Crown, but *Bacchus* Crowne of Roſes, giue me no Scepter, but a fat Capons leg, to ſhew that I am the great King of *Hungary*, therefore I prethee talke no more of ſtate-matters, but in briefe tell mee, my little Raſcall, how thou haſt ſpent thy time this many a day?

Men. Faith in ſome credit ſince thou ſaw'ſt me laſt.

Ap. How ſo? where?

Men. Euery where, In the Court, your Gentlewomen hang me at their Apron-ſtrings, and that makes them anſwere ſo readily. In the City I am honoured like a god, none ſo well acquainted with your Trade-ſmen: your Lawyers all the terme time hire me of my Lady; your Gallants if they heare my name abuſed, ſtabbe for my

ſake

ſake, your Trauailers ſo dote vpon me as paſſes, O they haue good reaſon, for I haue carried them to many a good meale vnder the countenance of my familiaritie, nay your State-ſmen haue oftentimes cloſely conueied me vnder their tongues to make their policies more currant; as for old men they challenge my company by authoritie. *Ap.* I am exceeeing glad of your great promotion.

Men. Now when I am diſpoſed, I can Philoſophy it in the Vniuerſitie with the ſubtileſt of them all.

Ap. I cannot bee perſwaded that th'art acquainted with Schollers euer ſince thou wert preſt to death in a Printing-houſe.

Men. No, why I was the firſt founder of the three ſects of Philoſophy, except one of the Peripateticks who acknowledge *Ariſtotle* (I confeſſe) their great Grand-father.

Ap. Thou Boy, how is this poſſible? thou art but a child, and there were ſects of Philoſophy before thou wert borne.

Men. Appetitus, thou miſtakeſt me, I tell thee 300. yeares agoe was *Mendatio* borne in *Greece*, nurſt in *Creete*, and euer ſince honoured euery where: Ile bee ſworne I held old *Homers* pen when hee writ his *Iliads*, and his *Odiſſes*.

Ap. Thou hadſt need, for I heare ſay he was blind.

Men. I helped *Herodotus* to pen ſome part of his Muſes, lent *Pliny* inke to write his Hiſtory, rounded *Rabalais* in the eare when he Hiſtorified *Pantagruell*, as for *Lucian* I was his Genius, O thoſe two bookes, *De vera Hiſtoria*, howſoeuer they got vnder his name, Ile be ſworne I writ them euery tittle.

Ap. Sure as I am hungry, thou'ſt haue it for lying. But haſt thou ruſted this latter time for want of exerciſe?

Men. Nothing leſſe; I muſt confeſſe I would faine haue iogged *Stow* and great *Holings-head* on their elbowes, when they were about their Chronicles, and as I remember, Sir *Iohn Mandeuils* trauels, and a great part of the *Decads*, were of my doing. But for the *Mirrour of Knight-hood*, *Bruis of South-hampton*, *Palmerin of England*, *Amadis of Gaule*, *Huen of Burdeaux*, Sir *Guy of Warwicke*, *Martin Marprelate*, *Robin-hood*, *Garagantua*, *Gerilion*, and a thouſand ſuch exquiſite monuments as theſe, no doubt but they breath on my breath vp and downe.

Ap. Downewards Ile ſweare, for ther's ſtinking lies in them.

Men. But what, ſhould I light a candle to the bright Sun-ſhine of my glorious renowne, the whole world is full of *Mendacio's* fame.

Ap. And so it will be so long as the World is full of fame.

Men. But sirra, how hast thou done this long time?

Appe. In as much requeſt as thy ſelfe. To begin with the Court as thou didſt, I lie with the Ladies all night, and that's the reaſon they call for Cullies, and Crullies, ſo early before their prayers, your Gallants neuer ſup, Breake-faſt, or Beauer without me.

Men. That's falſe, for I have ſeene them eate with a ful ſtomack.

Ap. True, but becauſe they knew a little thing driues me from them, therefore in midſt of meate they preſent me with ſome ſharp ſauce, or a diſh of delicate Anchoues, or a Cauiare, to intice me back againe: nay more, your old Sires that hardly goe without a prop, will walke a mile or two euery day to renew their acquaintance with me, as for the *Academy* it is beholding to mee, for adding the eight Province vnto the noble *Heptarchy* of the liberall Sciences.

Men. What's that I prethee?

Ap. The moſt deſired honourable art of Cookery.

Now ſirra in the City I am ——————ſt, ſt.

O the body of a Louſe. *Men.* What art a Louſe in the City?

Ap. Not a word more, for yonder comes *Phantaſtes*, and ſome body elſe. *Mend.* What a pox can *Phantaſtes* doe?

Ap. Worke a miracle if he would proue wiſe.

Men. 'Tis he indeed, the vileſt nup: the foole loues me exceedingly, but I care not for his company, for is he once catch mee, I ſhall neuer be rid of him. *Exeunt Appetitus and Mendacio.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Secunda.

Phantaſtes. *A ſwart complection'd fellow, but quicke ey'd, in a white Satten Doublet of one faſhion, greene Velnet Hoſe of another, a Phantaſticall Hat with a plume of feathers of ſeuerall colours, a little ſhort Taffata cloake, a paire of Buskins cut, drawne out with ſundry coloured Ribbands and Scarfes hung about him, after all faſhions, and all colours, Rings, Iewels, a Fanne, and in euery place other old complements.*

Heureſis. *A nimble ſprighted Page, in the neweſt Faſhion, With a garland of Bayes, &c.*

Phantaſtes, Heureſis.

Pha. Sirra Boy, *Heureſis*, boy how now, byting your nayles?

Heu. Three things haue troubled my braine this many a day, and

ſuft

iuſt now, when I was laying on the inuention of them, your ſudden call made them like *Tantalus* apples, flie from my fingers.

Phan. Some great matters queſtionleſſe, what were they?

Heu. The quadrature of a Circle, the Philoſophers Stone, and the next way to the Indies.

Pha. Thou doſt well to meditate on theſe three things at once, for thei'le bee found out all together, *ad Græcas Calendas*, but let them paſſe, and carry the conceit I told you this morning to the partie you wot of. In my imagination 'tis capritious, 'twill take I warrant thee.

Heu. I will ſir. But what ſay you to Gentleman that was with you yeſterday?

Pha. O, I thinke thou meaneſt him that made the nineteene Sonets of his Miſtreſſe Buske-point.

Heu. The ſame, the ſame, Sir, you promis'd to helpe him out with the twentieth.

Pha. By *Iupiters* clouen pate 'tis true: But wee witty fellowes are ſo forgetfull, but ſtay, hu, hu, carry him this:

The gordian knot which Alexander *great,*
Did whilome cut with his all conquering ſword,
Was nothing like thy Buske-point pretty peate,
Nor could ſo faire an augury afford.

Then to conclude, let him peruert *Catullus* his *zonam ſolvit diu ligatam*, thus, thus.

Which if I chance to cut or to vntie,
Thy little World I'le conquer peſently.

'Tis pretty, pretty, tell him 'twas extemporall.

Heu. Well Sir, but now for Maſter *Inamerato* Loue-letter.

Pha. Some netling ſtuffe yfaith: let him write thus.

Moſt heart-commanding fac't Gentlewoman, euen as the ſtone in India *called* Baſiliſcus, *hurts all that lookes on it; and as the Serpent in* Arabia, *called* Smaragdus, *delighteth the ſight, ſo does thy celeſtiall orbe-aſſimulating eyes, both pleaſe, and in pleaſing, wound my loue-darted heart.*

Heu. But what tricke ſhall I inuent for the concluſion?

Pha. Piſh any thing, loue will miniſter Inke for the reſt, he that once begun well, hath halfe done well, let him beginne againe, and ther's all.

Heu. Maſter *Gullio* ſpoke for a new faſhion, what for him?

Pha.

Pha. A fashion for his suit——let him button it downe the sleeue with foure elbowes, and so make it the pure hieroglyphike of a foole.

Heu. Nay then let me request one thing of you.

Pha. VVhat's that Boy? by this faire hand thou shalt haue it.

Heu. Mistris *Superbia*, a Gentlewoman of my acquaintance wisht me to advise her a new set for her Ruffe, and an odde Tire, I pray sir helpe me out with it.

Pha. Ah Boy, in my conceit 'tis a hard matter to performe, these women haue well nigh tyred mee, in deuising Tyres for them, and set mee at a *non plus* for my new Sets, their heads are so light, and their eyes so coy, that I know not how to please them.

Heu. I pray Sir, she had a bad face, and faine would haue Sutors; Phantastical and odde apparell would, perchance draw some body to looke on her.

Phan. If her face be nought, in my opinion, the more view it, the worse, bid her weare the multitude of her deformities vnder a maske, till my leisure will serue to deuise some durable, and vnstained blush of painting.

Heu. Very good Sir

Phan. Away then, hie thee againe, meet me at the Court within this houre at the farthest. *Exit Heuresis.*

Oh Heauens! how haue I bin troubled in this latter times with VVomen, Fooles, Babes, Taylers, Poets, Swaggerers, Guls, Ballad-makers, they haue almost disrobed mee for all the toies and trifles I can deuise, were it not that I pitty the multitude of Printers, their Sonnet-mungers should starue for conceits of all *Phantasies*. But the puling Louers, I cannot but laugh at them and their Encomions of their Mistresses: They make forsooth, her haire of Gold, her eyes of Diamond, her cheekes of Roses, her lips of Rubies, her teeth of Pearle, and her whole bodie of Iuorie; and when they haue thus Idol'd her like *Pigmalion*, they fall down & worship her. *Psyche*, thou hast layd a hard taske vpon my shoulders, to inuent at euery ones aske were it not that I refresh my dulnes once a day with thy most Angelicall presence, 'twere vnpossible for me to vndergoe it.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Tertia.

Communis Sensus, *a graue man in a blacke Velnet Cassocke like a Counsellour speakes comming out of the doore.*

Communis

Communis Sensus, Phantaſtes.

Com. S. I cannot ſtay, I tell you 'tis more then time I were at Court, I know my Soueraigne *Pſyche* hath expected me this houre.

Pha. In good time, yonder comes *Common ſenſe*, I imagine it ſhould be he by his voyce.

Com. S. Craue my counſell, tell mee what manner of man is hee? Can he entertaine a man into his houſe, can he hold his Velvet cap in one hand, and vale his Bonnet with the other? knows he how to become a Scarlet Gown, hath he a paire of freſh poſts at his doore?

Pha. Hee's about ſome haſty State-matters, he talkes of Poſts me thinkes.

Com. S. Can he part a couple of dogs brawling in the ſtreete? why then chuſe him Maior, vpon my credit heele proue a wiſe Officer.

Pha. Saue you my Lord, I haue attended your leiſure this houre.

Com. S. Fie vpon't what a toyle haue I had to chuſe them a Maior yonder? ther's a fuſty Currier will haue his man; ther's a Chandler wipes his Noſe on his ſleeue, & ſweares it ſhall not be ſo. Ther's a Muſtard-maker lookes as keene as Vineger will haue another: O this many-headed multitude, it's a hard matter to pleaſe them.

Pha. Eſpecially where the multitude is ſo well-headed. But I pray you, wher's Maſter *Memory*? hath he forgotten himſelfe that hee's not here.

Com. 'Tis high time he were at Court, I would he would come.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Quarta.

Memory, *an old decrepit man, in a blacke Velvet Caſſocke, a Taffata Gowne, furred with white Grogaram, a white beard, Velvet ſlippers, a Watch, Staffe, &c.*

Anamneſtes, *his Page, in a graue Satten ſuite purple, Buskins, a Garland of Bayes and Roſemary, a gimmall ring with one linke hanging, Ribbands and Threeds tyed to ſome of his fingers, in his hand a paire of Table-bookes, &c.*

Memory, Anamneſtes, Phantaſtes, Communis Senſus,

Mem. How ſoone a wiſe man ſhall have his wiſh.

Com. S. *Memory* the ſeaſon of your comming is very ripe.

Ph. Had you ſtaid a little longer 'twould haue bin ſtarke rotten.

Mem. I am glad I ſau'd it from the Swine——Sprecious I haue forgot ſomething. O my purſe, why *Anamneſtes*, Remembrance where art thou? *Anamneſtes*, Remember that vile Boy is alwayes gadding, I remember he was at my heeles euen now, and now the vile Raſcall is vaniſht,

Pha. Is he not here, why then in my imagination hee's left behind, O lo! *Anamneſtes*, Remembrance.

Anam. (*Running in haſt*) Anon anon ſir, anon anon ſir, anon anon ſir, anon anon ſir. *Mem.* Ha ſirra, what a brawling's here?

Ana. I doe but giue you an anſwere with anon Sir.

Mem. You anſwere ſweetely, I haue call'd you three or foure times one after another.

Ana. Sir, I hope I anſwered you three or foure times, one in the necke of another. But if your good worſhip haue lent me any more calls, tell me, and Ile repay them as I am a Gentleman.

Mem. Leaue your tattle, had you come at firſt, I had not ſpent ſo much breath in vaine.

Ana, The truth is Sir, the firſt time you called, I heard you not, the ſecond I vnderſtood you not, the third I knew not whether it were you or no; the fourth I could not tell where you were, and that's the reaſon I anſwered ſo ſuddenly.

Mem. Goe ſirra runne, ſeeke euery where, I haue loſt my purſe ſome where.

Ana. I goe ſir; Goe ſirra, ſeeke, runne, I haue loſt, bring, her's a Dogges life with a poxe, Shall I be alwayes vs'd like a water-ſpaniel. *Exit Anamneſtes,*

Com. S. Come good Maſter Regiſter, I wonder you bee ſo late now adayes.

Mem. My good Lord, I remember that I knew your Grandfather in this your place, and I remember your Grand-fathers great Grand-fathers Grand-fathers, Fathers Father, yet in thoſe dayes I neuer remember that any of them could ſay, that *Regiſter Memory* euer broke one minute of his appointment.

Com. S. Why good Father, why are you ſo late now adayes?

Mem. Thus 'tis, the moſt cuſtomers I remember my ſelfe to haue are (as your Lord-ſhip knowes) Schollers, and now adaies the moſt part of them are become Critickes, bringing me home ſuch paltry things to lay vp for them, that I can hardly find them againe.

Pha.

Pha. Iupiter, Iupiter, I had thought theſe flies had bit none but my ſelfe, Doe Crittickes tickle you yfaith?

Mem. Very familiarly, for they muſt know of me forſooth, how euery idle word is written, in all the muſtie, moth-eaten *Manuſcripts*, keepe in all the old Libraries in euery City betwixt *England* and *Peru* (is requiſite.)

Com.S. Indeed I haue noted theſe times to affect antiquities more then——

Mem. I remember in the age *Aſſaracus* and *Ninus*, and about the warres of *Thebes*, and the ſiege of *Troy*, there was few things committed to my charge, but thoſe that were well-worthy the deſerning; but now euery trifle muſt be wrapt vp in the volume of eternitie, A rich Pudding-wife or a Cobler cannot die, but I muſt immortallize his name with an Epitaph: A dogge cannot piſſe in a Noblemans ſhoe, but it muſt be ſprinckled into the Chronicles, ſo that I neuer could remember my Treaſure more full, and neuer emptier of honourable and true heroicall actions.

Pha. By your leaue *Memory*, you are not alone troubled, Chronologers many of them, are ſo phantaſticke, as when they bring a Captaine to the combat, lifting vp his reuengefull arme to diſpart the head of his enemy, theile hold vp his armes ſo long, til they had beſtowed three or foure Pages in diſcribing the gold Hilts of his threatning Faulchion. So that in my fancy the reader may well wonder his aduerſary ſtabs him not before he ſtrikes; Moreouer they become moſt palpable flatterers, alwayes begging at my gates for inuention.

Com. This is great fault in a Chronologer to turne Paraſite, an abſolute Hiſtory ſhould be in feare of none, neither ſhould hee write any thing more then trueth for friend-ſhip, or leſſe for hate, but keepe himſelfe equall and conſtant in all his diſcourſes; but for vs, we muſt be contented, for as our honors encreaſe, ſo muſt the burthen of the cares of our offices vrge vs to waxe heauy.

Pha. But not till our backes breake, S'lud there was neuer any ſo hanted as I am; This day there comes a Sophiſter to my houſe, knocks at my doore, his errand being ask'd, forſooth his anſwere was to borrow a faire ſuit of conceits out of my Wardrop, to apparell a ſhew he had in hand, and what thinke you is the plot?

Com.S. Nay I know not, for I am little acquainted with theſe toyes.

Pha. Meane while hee's ſomewhat acquainted with you, for hee's bold to bring your perſon vpon the Stage.

Com.S. What me? I cannot remember that I was euer brought vpon the Stage before.

Pha. Yes, you, and you, and my ſelfe, with all my Phantaſticall tricks and humours, But I trow, I have fitted him with Fooleries, I truſt he'le neuer trouble me againe.

Com.S. O times, O manners! when Boyes dare to traduce men in authority; was euer ſuch an attempt heard?

Mem. I remember there was. For (to ſay the trueth) at my laſt being at *Athens* (it is now, let me ſee, about 1600. yeres agoe) I was at a Comedy of *Ariſtophanes* making, (I ſhall neuer forget it) The Arch-gouernour of *Athens* tooke me by the hand, and placed mee, and there I ſay, I ſaw *Socrates* abuſed moſt groſſely, himſelfe beeing then a preſent ſpectator; I remember he ſate full againſt me, and did not ſo much as ſhew the leaſt countenance of diſcontent.

Com.S. In thoſe dayes it was lawfull, but now the abuſe of ſuch liberty is vnſufferable.

Pha. Thinke what you will of it, I thinke 'tis done, and I thinke it is acting by this time; harke, harke, what drumming's yonder, Ile lay my life they are comming to preſent the ſhew I ſpake off.

Com.S. It may be ſo; ſtay, wee'le ſee what 'tis.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Quinta.

Lingua, Mendacio, Communis Senſus, and the reſt.

Ling. Faine thy ſelfe in great haſt.

Men. I warrant you Madam: I doubt tis in vaine to runne, by this they are all paſt ouertaking.

Com.S. Is not this *Lingua* that is in ſuch haſt?

Pha. Yes, yes, ſtand ſtill. *Men.* I muſt ſpeake with him.

Com.S. With whom?

Men. Aſſure your ſelfe they are all at Court ere this.

Ling. Runne after them, for vnleſſe he know it——

Com. Lingua.

Ling. O is't your Lordſhip? I beſeech you pardon me haſte, and feare, I proteſt, put out my eyes: I look't ſo long for you, that I knew not when I had found you.

Pha. In my conceit, that's like the man that enquired who ſaw his Aſſe, when himſelfe rid on him.

Ling.

Ling. O my heart beates ſo, fie, fie, fie.

Men. I am ſo weary, fo, fo, fo.

Com.S. I prethee *Lingua* make an end.

Ling. Let me begin firſt I beſeech you, but if you will needes haue the end firſt, thus 'tis. The Common-wealth of *Mycrocoſme* at this inſtant, ſuffers the pangs of death, 'tis gaſping for breath, Will you haue all? 'tis poiſoned.

Pha. What Pothecary durſt be ſo bold as make ſuch a confection? ha, what poyſon is't? *Lin.* A golden Crowne.

Men. I miſtake, or elſe *Galen* in his booke *De ſanitate tuenda*, commends gold as reſtoratiue. *Com, Lingua* expreſſe your ſelfe.

Men, Madam if you want breath, let me helpe you out.

Ling. I prethee doe, doe.

Men. My Lord, the report is, that *Mercury* comming late into the Country, in this very place left a Coronet with this inſcription: *That the beſt of the fiue ſhould haue it*, which the Senſes thinking to belong vnto them ——

Ling. Challenge each other, and are now in armes, an't like your Lord-ſhip. *Com.S.* I proteſt it likes not me.

Lin. Their battels are not far hence, ready rang'd.

Com.S. O monſtrous preſumption! what ſhall we doe?

Men. My Lord, in your great Grand-fathers time, there was I remember ſuch a breach amongſt them, therefore my counſell is, that after his example, by the ſtrength of your authority you conuent them before you.

Com. Lingua, goe preſently, command the Senſes vpon their alleageance to our dread Soueraigne *Queene Pſyche*, to diſmiſſe their companies, and perſonally appeare before mee without any pretence of excuſe. *Ling.* I goe my Lord.

Ph. But heere you Madam, I pray you let your Pages tongue walke with vs a little, till you returne againe.

Lin. With all my heart. *Exit Lingua.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Sexta.

Pha. Hot youths I proteſt, ſaw you thoſe warlike preparations?

Men, Lately my Lords, I ſpide into the Army,
But oh, 'tis farre beyond my reach of wit.
Or ſtrength of vtterance to deſcribe their forces.

Com.S. Go to, ſpeake what thou canſt.

Men. Vpon the right hand of a ſpacious hill,
Proud *Viſus* marſhalleth a puiſſant Army,
Three thouſand Eagles ſtrong, whoſe valiant Captaine
Is *Ioues* ſwift Thunder-bearer, that ſame Bird,
That noiſt vp *Canimede* from the *Troyan* plaines:
The vant-gard ſtrengthened with a wonderous flight
Of Faulcons, Haggards, Hobbies, Terſelets,
Lanards and Goſhaukes Spar-haukes, and rauenous Birds.
The re-reward granted to *Auditus* charge,
I. ſtoutely followed with an impetuous heard,
O. ſtiffe-neckt Buls, and many horne-mad Stagges,
Of the beſt head the Forreſt can afford.

Pha. I promiſe you a fearefull troupe of Souldiers.

Men. Right oppoſite ſtands *Tactus* ſtrongly man'd,
With three thouſand briſled Vrchins for his Pikemen:
Foure hundreth Torteſſes for Elephants,
Beſides a monſtrous troupe of vgly Spiders,
Within an ambuſhment he hath commanded
Of their owne guts to ſpin a cordage fine,
Whereof t'haue fram'd a net (O wondrous worke)
That faſtned by the concaue of the Moone,
Spreads downe it ſelfe to th'earths circumference.

Mem. 'Tis very ſtrange, I cannot remember the like Engine at any time

Men. Nay more my Lord, the maskes are made ſo ſtrong,
That I my ſelfe vpon them ſcal'd the Heauens,
And boldly walk't about the middle Region,
Where in the Prouince of the Meteors,
I ſaw the cloudy ſhops of Haile and Raine,
Garners of Snow, and Chriſtals full of deaw,
Riuers of burning Arrowes, Dens of Dragons,
Huge beames of flames, and Speares like Fire-brands,
Where I beheld hot *Mars* and *Mercurie*,
With Rackets made of Speares and Balls of Starres,
Playing at Tennis for a Tunne of Nectar:
And that vaſt gaping of the Firmament
Vnder the Southerne-pole, is nothing elſe
But the great hazzard of their Tennis Court:
The Zodiacke is their line. The ſhooting Starres,
Which in an eye-bright euening ſeem'd to fall.

Are

Are nothing but the Bals they looſe at Bandy.
Thus hauing tooke my pleaſure with thoſe ſights,
By the ſame net I went vp I deſcended.

Com.S. Well ſirra to what purpoſe tends this ſtratagem?

Men. None know directly, but I thinke it is,
T'intrap the Eagles when the Battailes joyne.

Pha. Who takes *Tactus* his part?

Mem. Vnder the ſtandard of thrice hardy *Tactus*,
Thrice valiant *Guſtus* leades his warlike forces,
An endleſſe multitude of deſperate Apes,
Fiue hundred Marmoſets, and long tail'd Monkies,
All trained to the field, and nimble Gunners.

Pha. Imagine ther's old moouing amongſt them, me thinkes a handful of nuts would turne them al out of their ſouldiers coates.

Men. Ramparts of Paſty-cruſt and forts of Pies,
Entrench'd with diſhes full of Cuſtard ſtuffe,
Hath *Guſtus* made, and planted Ordinance,
Strange Ordinance, Cannons of hollow Canes,
Whoſe powder's Rape-ſeede, charg'd with Turnip-ſhot.

Mem. I remember in the Country of *Vtopia*, they vſe no other kind of Artillery. *Com.S.* But what's become of *Olfactus*?

Men He politickly leanes to neither part,
But ſtands betwixt the Camps as at recite,
Hauing great wine his pioners to entrench them.

Pha. In my fooliſh imagination *Olfactus* is very like the Goddeſſe of victory, that neuer takes any part but the Conquerors.

Men. And in the woods he placed ſecretly,
Two hundred couple of Hounds and hungry Maſtiffes:
And ore his head houer at his command,
A cloud of Vultures which o're-ſpread the light,
Making a night before the day be done,
But to what end not knowne but feat'd of all.

Pha. I conjecture hee intends to ſee them fight, and after the battell, to feed his Dogs, Hogs, and Vultures, vpon the murthered carcaſſes,

Men. My Lord I thinke the fury of their anger wil not bee obedient to the meſſage of *Lingua*, for otherwiſe in my conceit they ſhould haue beene here ere this: with your L. good liking, weel'e attend vpon you to ſee the field for more certainty, it ſhall be ſo,

Come.

Come Maſter *Regiſter* let' walke. *Exeunt omnes*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Anamneſtes with a purſe in his hand.

An. FOrſooth, *Obliuio* ſhut the doore vpon me, I could come no ſooner ha? is hee not heere? O excellent, Would I were hang'd but I lookt for a ſound rap on the pate, and that made mee before-hand to lift vp this excuſe for a Buckler, I know he is not at Court, for here is his Purſe, without which warrant ther's no comming thither, wherefore now *Anamneſtes* ſport thy ſelfe a little, while thou art out of the priſon of his company. What ſhall I do? by my troth anatomize his purſe in his abſence. *Plutus* ſend there be jewels in it, that I may finely geld it of the ſtones—— The beſt ſure lies in the bottome--pox on't heer's nothing but a company of worme-eaten papers; what's this? *Memorandum* that Maſter *Prodigo* owes me foure thouſand pounds, & that his lands are in pawne for it: *Memorandum* that I owe; that he owes, 'tis well the old ſlane hath ſome care of his credit, to whom owes he trow I? that I owe *Anamneſtes* what mee? I neuer lent him any thing; ha this is good, ther's ſomething comming to me more then I look'd for. Come on what is't? *Memorandum* that I owe *Anamneſtes*—a breeching; I faith Sir, I will eaſe you of that payment. (*Hee rends the Bill*) *Memorandum* that when I was a child: *Robuſto* tript vp my heeles at football: What a reuengefull dizard's this?

Actus Tertius. Scæna Secunda.

Mendacio, *with Cuſhions vnder his armes, trips vp* Anamneſtes *heeles.*

Mendacio, Anamneſtes.

An. How now?

Men. Nothing, but lay you vpon a Cuſhion ſir, how ſo?

Ana. Nothing but lay the Cuſhion vpon you ſir? (thee.

Men. What my little *Nam?* by this foot I am ſorry I miſtooke

An. What my little *Men?* by this hand it grieues me I tooke thee ſo right. But ſirra whither with theſe Cuſhions?

Men. To lay them here, that the judges may ſit ſoftly, leſt my Lady *Lingua's* cauſe goe hard with her.

An. They ſhould haue bin wrought with gold, theſe will doe nothing; But what makes thy Lady with the judges?

Men.

Men. Piſh, know'ſt not ſhe ſueth for the Title of a Senſe as wel as the reſt that beare the name of the *Pentarchy*?

An. Will *Common-Senſe* and my Maſter, leaue their affaires to determine that controuerſie? *Men.* Then thou hear'ſt nothing.

An. What ſhould I heare?

Men. All the Senſes fell out about a Crowne falne from heauen, and pitcht a field for it, but Vice-gerent *Common-Senſe* hearing of it, took vpon him to vmpire the contention, in which regard he hath appointed them (their armes diſmiſſed) to appeare before him, charging euery one to bring, as it were in a ſhew, their proper obiects, that by them he may determine of their ſeueral excellencies.

An. When is al this? *Men.* As ſoone as they can poſſible prouide.

An. But can he tell which deſerues beſt by their obiects.

Men. No not only, for euery Senſe muſt deſcribe his inſtrument that is, his houſe where he performes his dayly duty, ſo that by the obiect and the inſtrument, my Lord can with great eaſe diſcerne their place and dignities. *An.* His Lordſhip's very wiſe.

Men Thou ſhalt heare all anon, fine Maſter *Phantaſtes*, and thy Maſter will bee here ſhortly. But how is't my little Rogue? me-thinkes thou look'ſt leane vpon't.

An. Alas how ſhould I doo otherwiſe, that lie al night with ſuch a rawbon'd *Skelton* as *Memory*, and runne al day on his errands. The Churl's growne ſo old and forgetful, that euery houre hee's calling *Anamneſtes*, remembrance, where ar't *Anamneſtes*? Then preſently ſome thing's loſt, poore I muſt runne for it, and theſe words, run Boy, Come ſirra, quicke, quicke, quicke, are as familiar with him, as the Cough, neuer out on's mouth.

Men. Alacke, alacke poore Rogue, I ſee my fortunes are better, my Lady loues me exceedingly; ſhee is alwayes kiſſing me, ſo that (I tell thee *Nam*) *Mendatio's* neuer from betixt her lips.

An. Nor out of *Memories* mouth, but in a worſe ſort, alwayes exerciſing my ſtumps, and which is more, when he fauours beſt, then I am in the worſt taking. *Men.* How ſo.

An. Thus, when we are friends, then muſt I come and be dandled vpon his palſie-quaking knees, and he'le tel mee a long ſtory of his acquaintance with King *Pryamus* & his familiarity with *Neſtor*, and how he playd at blow-point with *Iupiter*, when he was in his ſide-coats, and how he went to lock Birds-neſts with *Athous*, & where he was at *Deucalions* floud, and twenty ſuch old Wiues tales.

Men. I wonder he being ſo old can talke ſo much.

An. Nature thou know'ſt, (knowing what an vnruly Engine the tongue is) hath ſet teeth round about for watchmen, Now ſir, my Maſters old age hath caught out all his teeth, and that's the cauſe it runnes ſo much at liberty. *Men.* Philoſophical?

An. O but ther's one thing ſtings me to the very heart, to ſee an vgly, foule, idle, fat, duſty, clog-head, called *Obliuio*, preferred before me, do'ſt know him?

Men. Who I? I; But care not for his acquaintance, hang him block-head, I could neuer abide him. Thou Remembrance art the onely friend that the armes of my friendſhip ſhall imbrace. Thou haſt heard *Oportet mendacem eſſe memorem.* But what of *Obliuio*?

An. The very naming of him hath made me forget my ſelfe, O, O, O, O, that Raſcal is ſo made of euery where. *Men.* Who *Obliuio*?

An. I, for our Courtiers hug him continually in their vngrateful boſomes, & your ſmooth belly, fat-back, barrel-pancht, tun-gutted drones, are neuer without him, as for *Memory*, he's a falſe-hearted fellow, he alwayes deceiues them, they reſpect not him, except it be to play a game at *Cheſts*, *Primero*, *Saunt*, *Maw*, or ſuch like.

Men. I cannot thinke ſuch fellowes haue to doe with *Obliuio*, ſince they neuer got any thing to forget.

An. Againe, theſe prodigal ſwaggerers that are ſo much bound to their Creditors, if they haue but one Croſſe about them, they'le ſpend it in wine vpon *Obliuio*. *Men.* To what purpoſe I prethee?

An. Only in hope hee'le waſh them in the Lethe of their cares.

Men. Why then no man cares for thee.

An. Yes, a company of ſtudious paper-worms, & leane ſchollers, and niggardly ſcraping Vſurers, and a troupe of heart-eating enuious perſons, and thoſe canker-ſtomackt ſpiteful creatures, that furniſh vp common place-bookes with other mens faults. The time hath bin in thoſe golden dayes when *Saturne* raigned, that if a man receiued a benefit of another, I was preſently ſent for to put him in mind of it, but now in theſe Iron-after-noones, ſaue your friends life, and *Obliuio* will be more familiar with him then you.

Actus tertius. Scæna tertia.

Heureſis, Mendacio, Anamneſtes.

Heu. *Phantaſtes* not at Court? is't poſſible? 'tis the ſtrangeſt accident that euer was heard of, I had thought the Ladies and Gallants would neuer lie without him.

An.

An. Hiſt, hiſt, *Mendacio* I prithee obſerue *Heureſis*, it ſeemes he cannot find his Maſter, that's able to find out all things, and art thou now at a fault, can'ſt not find out thine owne Maſter? nor? —Ile try one more. O yes. *M.* What a proclamation for him?

An. I, I, his nimble head is alwayes full of proclamations.

Heu. O yes. *Men.* But doth he cry in the wood?

An. O good ſir, and good reaſon, for euery beaſt hath *Phantaſie* at his pleaſure.

Heu. O yes, if any man can tell any tidings of a ſpruce, neate, apiſh, nimble, fine, fooliſh, abſurd, humorous, conceited, phantaſtical gallant, with hollow eies, ſharpe looke, ſwart complection, meager face; wearing as many toies in his apparell as fooleries in his looke and geſture, let him come foorth and certifie me thereof, and hee ſhal haue for his reward——

An. I can tel you where he is, what ſhall I haue?

Heur. A boxe o'the eare ſirra, (*ſnappe.*)

Anam. How now inuention are you ſo light fingred? yfaith ther's your principal ſirra (*ſnappe*) and her's the intereſt ready in my hand (*ſnappe*) *they fall together by the eares.*

Yea, haue you found out ſcratching? now I remember me——

Heu. Doe you bite you Raſcall.

Men. Ha, ha, ha, ha, here's the liuely picture of this Axiome. A quicke inuention, and a good Memory can neuer agree: Fie, fie, fie, *Heureſis*, beate him when hee's downe?

Ana. Prethee let's alone proud Iacke-an apes, Il'e——

Heu. What will you doe?

Ana. Vntruſſe thy points and whip thee, thou paltry—— Let me goe *Mendacio* if thou lou'ſt me, ſhal I put vp the——

Men. Come, come, come, come, you ſhal fight no more in good faith, *Heureſis*, your Maſter wil catch you anon.

Heu. My Maſter, where is he?

Men. I'le bring you to him, come away.

Heur. Anamneſtes, I ſcorne that thou ſhouldſt thinke I go away for feare of any thing that thou can'ſt doe vnto me; here's my hand aſſoone as thou canſt picke the leaſt occaſion, put vp thy finger, I am for thee, *Exit Mendacio and Heureſis.*

An. When thou dar'ſt *Heureſis*, when thou dar'ſt, Ile bee as ready as thy ſelfe at any time.

This *Heureſis*, this inuention, is the proudeſt Iack-an-apes, the

pearteſt ſelfe-conceited Boy that euer breath'd; becauſe forſooth ſome odde Poet, or ſome ſuch phantaſtick fellowes, make much on him, ther's no ho with him, the vile dandi-prat will ore'looke the proudeſt of his acquaintance; But wel I remember mee, I learn't a tricke t'other day to bring a Boy or'e the thigh finely, if hee come i'faith Ile tickle him with it.

Mendacio comes running backe in great haſt.

Men. As I am a Raſcall *Nam* they are al comming, I ſee Maſter *Regiſter* trudging hither, as faſt as his three feete will carry vp his foure ages.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Quarta.

Memoria, Anamneſtes.

Mem. Ah you leaden heel'd Raſcal, (you make?

An. Here 'tis Sir, I haue it, I haue it. *Mem.* Is this al the haſt

An. An't like your Worſhip, your clog-head *Oblivio* went before me, and foil'd the traile of your footſteps, that I could hardly vndertake the queſt of your purſe, forſooth.

Mem. You might haue bin here long ere this: Come hither firra, come hither; what muſt you goe round about? goodly goodly, you are ſo ful of circumſtances.

An. In truth Sir, I was here before, and miſſing you went back into the City, ſought you in enery Ale-houſe, Tauerne, Inne, Dicing houſe, Tenis-court, Stewes, and ſuch like places, likely to find your Worſhip in.

Mem. Ha villaine, am I man likely to be found in ſuch places? ha?

An. No, no ſir; ſir but I was told by my Lady *Lingua's* page, that your Worſhip was ſeeking mee, therefore I enquired for you in thoſe places where I knew you would aske for mee, and it pleaſe your Worſhip.

Mem. I remember another quarrel ſirra; but wel, well, I haue no leaſure.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Quinta.

Communis Senſus, Lingua, Phantaſtes, Memory, Anamneſtes.

Com. S. Lingua the Senſes by our appointment anon are to preſent their obiects before vs; ſeeing therefore they be not in readineſſe, we licence you in the meane while, either in your owne perſon, or by your Aduocate, to ſpeake what you can for your ſelfe.

Ling.

Ling. My Lord, if I should bring before your Honour all my friends ready to importune you in my behalfe, I should haue so many Retoritians, Logitians, Lawyers; and, which is more, so many Women to attend me, that this Groue would hardly containe the Company, wherefore to auoide the tediousnes, I wil lay the whole cause vpon the tip of mine owne tongue.

Com.S. Be as briefe as the necessity of our short time requires.

Ling. My Lord, though the *Imbecillitas* of my feeble sexe, might draw me back from this Tribunal, with the *habenis*, to wit, *Timoris*, and the *Catenis Pudoris*, notwithstanding being so fairely led on with the gracious ἐπίεικεια, of your *iustissime* δικαιοσόνης especialy so *aspremente spur'd congli spronidi necessita miapugente*, I wil without the helpe of Orators, commit the *totam salutem* of my action to the *Volutabilati* τῶς γυναικείων λόγων, VVhich (*auec vostre bonne playsur*) I wil finish with more then *Loconicâ breuitate*.

Com.S. What's this? her's a Gallemaufrey of speech indeed.

Mem. I remember about the yeere 1602. many vsed this skew kind of Language: Which, in my opinion, is not much vnlike the man *Platony* the sonne of *Lagus* King of *Ægypt*, brought for a spectacle, halfe white, halfe blacke.

Com. I am perswaded these same Language-makers haue the very qualitie of cold in their wit, that freezeth al *Heterogeneall* Languages together, congealing *English* Tyn, *Grecian* gold, *Roman* Latine, al in a Lumpe.

Pha. Or rather, in my imagination, like your Phantastical Guls apparel, wearing a *Spanish* Felt, a *French* Doublet, a *Granado* Stocking, a *Dutch* Slop, an *Italian* Cloake, with a *Welch* Frise Ierkin.

Com.S. Wel, leaue your toying, we cannot plucke the least feather from the soft wing of time. Therefore *Lingua* go on, but in a more formall manner, you know an ingenious Oration must neither swel aboue the Bankes, with insolent words, nor creepe too shallow in the foord, with vulgar termes; but run equally smooth and cheereful through the cleane current of a pure stile.

Ling. My Lord, this one thing is sufficient to confirme my worth to be equal, or better then the Senses, whose best operations are nothing til I polish them with perfection, for their knowledge is only of things present, quickly sublimed with the deft file of time, wheras the tongue is able to recount things past, and often pronounce things to come, by this meanes re-edifying such excellencies, as time and age do easily de populate.

Com. S. But what profitable ſeruice doe you vndertake for our dread *Queene Pſyche*?

Ling. O! how I am rauiſht to thinke how infinitely ſhee hath graced me with her moſt acceptable ſacrifice. But aboue al (which you Maſter Regiſter wel remember) when her highneſſe taking my mouth for her inſtrument, with the Bow of my tongue, ſtrooke ſo heauenly touch vpon my teeth, that ſhee charmed the very Tigers aſſ epe, the liſtening Beares and Lyons, to couch at her feet, while the Hils leaped, and the Woods danced, to the ſweete harmony of her moſt Angelical accents.

Mem. I remember it very well, *Orpheus* played vpon the Harpe while ſhe ſang about ſome 4 yeeres after the contention betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, and a little before the excoriation of *Marſyas*.

An, By the ſame token the riuer *Alpheus*, at that time purſuing his beloued *Arethuſa*, diſchanel'd himſelfe of his former courſe to be partaker of their admirable conſort, and the muſicke being ended, thruſt himſelfe headlong into the earth, the next way to follow his amorous chaſe; if you goe to *Arcadia*, you ſhall ſee his comming vp againe.

Com. S. Forward *Lingua* with your reaſon.

Lin. How oft hath her excellency imployed mee as Embaſſadour in her moſt vrgent affaires to forraigne Kings and Emperors, I may ſay to the Gods themſelues? How many bloudleſſe battels, haue my perſwaſions attained, when the Senſes forces haue beene vanquiſhed? How many Rebels haue I reclaimed, when her ſacred authority was little regarded? Her Lawes (without exprobation be it ſpoken) had bin altogether vnpubliſhed, her will vnperformed her illuſtrious deedes vnrenowned, had not the ſilver ſound of my Trumpet filled the whole circuit of the Vniuerſe with her deſerued fame? Her Cities would diſſolue, Traffike would decay, friendſhips be broken, were not my ſpeech the knot, *Mercury* & *Muſtike*, to blind, defend, and glew them together. What ſhal I ſay more? I can neuer ſpeake enough of the vnſpeakeable praiſe of ſpeech, wherein I can find no other imperfection at al, but that the moſt exquiſite power and excellency of ſpeech, cannot ſufficiently expreſſe the exquiſite power and excellency of ſpeaking.

Com. S. Lingua your ſeruice and dignity we confeſſe to be great ne'rtheleſſe theſe reaſons proue you not to haue the nature of ſenſe.

Ling. By your Lordſhips fauour, I can ſoone proue that a Senſe

is

is a faculty by which our *Queene* ſitting in her priuy chamber hath intelligence of exterior occurrents, that I am of this nature I proue thus. The obiect which I challenge is—— *Enter Appe. in haſt.*

Ap. Stay, ſtay, my Lord, deferre I beſeech, deferre the iudgment

Com. S. Who's this that boldly interrupts vs thus? hum.

Ap. My name is *Appetitus*, common ſeruant to the Pentarchy of the Senſes, who vnderſtanding that your honour was handling this action of *Lingua's*, ſent me hither thus haſtily, moſt humbly requeſting the Bench to conſider theſe Articles they alledge againſt her, before you proceed to iudgement.

Com. S. Hum, here's good ſtuffe M. Regiſter, read them: *Appetitus* you may depart and bid your Miſtreſſes make conuenient ſpeed.

Ap. At your Lordſhips pleaſure. *Exit Appetitus.*

Men. I remember that I forgot my ſpectacles, I left them in the 349. page of *Halls* Chronicle, where hee tells a great wonder of a multitude of Mice which had almoſt deſtroyed the Countrey, but that there reſorted a great mighty flight of Owles that deſtroied them; *Anamneſtes* read theſe Articles diſtinctly.

1. Article. *Ana.* *Imprimis*, We accuſe *Lingua* of high treaſon and ſacriledge, againſt the moſt Honourable Common-wealth of Letters, for vnder the pretence of profiting the people with Tranſlations, ſhee hath moſt vilely proſtituted the hard miſteries of vnknowne Languages to the prophane eares of the vulgar.

Phan. This is as much as to make a new hel in the vpper world, for in hell they ſay *Alexander* is no better then a Cobler, and now by theſe Tranſlations euery Cobler is as familiar with *Alexander*, as he that wrote his life.

2. Art. *Ana. Item*, that ſhe hath wrongfully impriſoned a Lady called *Veritas*.

3. Art. *Item*, that ſhee's a Witch, and exerciſeth her tongue in exorciſmes.

4. Art. *Item*, that ſhee's a common Whore, and lets euery one lye with her.

5. Art. *Item*, that ſhee railes on men in authority, depraying their Honours with bitter leſts and taunts, and that ſhee's a backbiter, ſetting ſtrife betwixt boſome friends.

6. Art *Item*, that ſhe lends wiues weapons to fight againſt their husbands.

7. Art. *Item*, that ſhe maintaines a traine of prating petty-foggers, prouling Sumners, Smooth-tongu'd Bawds, Artleſſe Empe-

ricks, hungry Parasites, Newes-carriers, Ianglers, and such like Idle companions, that delude the Comminalty.

8. Art. *Item*, that she made Rethoricke wanton, Logick to bable, Astronomy to lie. 9. Art *Item* that she is an incontinent tel-tale.

10. Art. *Item*, (Which is the last and worst): that she's a Woman in euery respect, and for these causes not to be admitted to the dignity of a Sense. That these Articles be true we pawne our honors, and subscribe our names. 1. *Visus*. 4 *Olfactus*.

3. *Gustus*. 2. *Auditus* 5. *Tactus*.

Com. S, Lingua, These be shrew'd allegations, and, as I thinke vnanswerable; I will deferre the judgement of your cause till I haue finished the contention of the Senses.

Lin. Your Lordship must be obeyed, but as for them most vngratefull and perfidious wretches.

Com. S. Good words become you better, you may depart if you will, till we send for you. *Anamnestes* run, remember *Visus*, 'tis time he were ready.

Ana. I goe. (*Exit Anam. & redit*). he staies here expecting your Lordships pleasure.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Sexta.

A Page carring a Scutchion argent, charged with an Eagle displayed proper; then Visus, *with a Fan of Peacocks feathers, next* Lumen *with a Crowne of Bayes, and a Shield with a bright Sun in it, apparelled in Tyssue, then a Page bearing a Shield before* Cœlum, *clad in Azure Taffata, dimpled with Stars, a Crowne of Stars on his head, and a Scarfe, resembling the Zodiacke ouerthwart the shoulders; next a Page clad in greene with a terrestriall Globe before* Terra, *in a greene Velluet Gowne, stucke with branches, and flowers, a Crowne of Turrets vpon her head in her hand a key; then a* Herauld, *leading in his hand* Colour, *clad in changeable Silke, with a Raine-bow out of a cloud on her head, last a Boy* Visus *marshalleth his shew about the Stage, and presents it before the Bench.*

Visus, Lumen, Cœlum, Phantastes Communis Sensus, Memory.

Vis. Lo here the object that delights the sight.
The goodliest objects that mans heart can wish,
For all things that the Orbe first moueable,
Wrapt in the circuit of his large stretcht armes,
Are subject to the power of *Visus* eyes,

That

That you may know what profit light doth bring,
Note *Lumens* words that speakes next following.
Lu. *Light*, the faire Grand-child to the glorious Sun,
Opening the casements of the Rosie Morne,
Makes the abashed heauens soone to shunne,
The vgly darkenesse it embrac't beforne,
And at his first appearance puts to flight,
The vt-most Reliques of the hel-borne night.
This heauenly shield soone as it is displaid,
Dismaies the vices, that abhorre the light:
To wanderers by Sea and Land giues ayd,
Conquers display's, re-comforteth affright,
Rouzeth dull idlenesse, and starts soft sleepe,
And all the world to dayly labour keepes.
This a true looking-glasse impartiall,
Where Beauties selfe, her selfe doth beautifie,
With natiue hue, not Artificiall,
Discouering falshood, opening verity.
The dayes bright eye, colours distinction:
Iust Iudge of measure and proportion.
The onely meanes by which each mortall eye,
Sends messengers to the wide Firmament,
That to the longing soule brings presently
High contemplation and deepe wonderment:
By which aspirement she her wings displaies,
And her selfe thither whence she came vprais'd.
Phan. What blew thing's that, that's dapled so with Stars?
Vis. He represents the Heauen.
Pha. In my conceit it were pretty, if hee thundred when hee speakes. *Vis.* Then none could vnderstand him.
Cœl. Tropicke, Colours, the Equinoctial,
The Zodiacke, Poles, and line Ecliptical,
The Nadar, *Zenith*, and Anomalies.
The Azimuth, and Ephimerides,
Stars, Orbes, and Planets, with their motions,
The oriental Regradations.
Excentricks, Epicycles, and—and——and——
Pha. How now *Visus*, is your Heauen at a stay?
Or is it his *Motus trepidationis* that makes him stammer?

I pray you *Memory* ſet him agate againe.

Mem. I remember when *Iupiter* made *Amphitrio* Cuckold, and lay with his wife *Alcmena*, *Cœlum* was in this taking for three dayes ſpace, and ſtood ſtill iuſt like him at a *non plus*.

Com. S. Leaue your ieſting, you'le put the freſh Actor out of countenance. *Cœl.* Excentricks, Epicycles, and Aſpects,
In Sextile, Trine, and Quadrate, which effects
Wonders on earth; alſo the oblique part
Of ſignes, that make the day both long and ſhort,
The Conſtellations riſing Coſmical.
Setting of Stars, Chronicke, and Heliacall,
In the Orizon or Meridionall,
And all the skill in deepe Aſtronomy,
Is to the ſoule deriued by the eye.

Pha. Viſus you haue made *Cœlum* a heauenly ſpeech, paſt earthly capacity, it had bin as good for him he had thundred. But I pray you who taught him to ſpeake and vſe no action? me thinks it had bin excellent to haue turn'd round about in his ſpeech. (withall.

Viſ. He hath ſo many motions, he knowes not which to begin

Pha. Nay rather it ſeemes hee's of *Copernicus* opinion, and that makes him ſtand ſtil. *Terra comes to the midſt of the Stage, ſtands ſtill a while, ſaith nothing, and ſteps backe.*

Com. S. Lets heare what *Terra* can ſay, —— iuſt nothing.

Viſ. And it like your Lordſhip, 'twere an *indecorum Terra* ſhould ſpeake.

Mem. You are deceiu'd, for I remember, when *Phaeton* rul'd the Sun, I ſhal neuer forget him, he was a very pretty youth, the Earth opened her mouth wide, and ſpoke a very good ſpeech to *Iupiter*.

Anam. By the ſame token *Nilus* hid his head then, he could neuer find it ſince.

Pha. You know *Memory* that was an extreame hot day, and 'tis likely *Terra* ſweat much, and ſo tooke cold preſently after, that euer ſince ſhe hath loſt her voice.

Herauld. A *Cauton Ermines* added to the field, is a ſure ſigne the man that bore theſe Armes, was to his Prince as a defenſiue ſhield, ſauing him from the force of preſent Armes.

Phan. I know this fellow of old, 'tis a Herauld, many a Centaure, Chimera, Barnacle, Crocadile, Hipotame, and ſuch like toies, hath hee ſtolne out of the ſhoppe of my Inuention, to ſhape new

coate s

coats for his vpstart Gentlemen, Either *Affrica* must breed more monsters, or you make fewer Gentlemen Master *Herauld*, for you have spent all my deuises already. But since you are here, let mee aske you a question in your owne profession: How comes it to passe that the victorious armes of *England* quartered with the conquered coat of *France*, are not placed on the dexter side, but giue the Flower-deluce the better hand?

Her. Because that the three Lyons are one coate made of two French Duke-domes, *Normanay*, and *Aquataine*; but I pray you *Visus* what laye is that that followes him?

Vis. 'Tis *Color* an object of mine, subject to his commandement.

Pha. Why speakes he not?

Vis. He is so bashfull, he dares not speake for blushing.
What thing is that? tell me without delay.

A Boy. That's nothing of it selfe, yet euery way
As like a Man, as a thing, like my Bee,
And yet so vnlike as cleane contrary,
For in one point it euery way doth misse,
The right side of it a mans left side is,
'Tis lighter then a Feather, and withall
It fils no place, nor roome it is so small.

Com.S. How now *Visus*, haue you brought a boy with a riddle to pose vs all.

Pha. Pose vs al? and I here; that were a jeast indeed; my Lord, if I haue a *Sphinx*, I haue an *Oedipus* assure your selfe, let's heare it once againe.

Boy. What thing is that Sir.

Pha. This such a knotty *Enigm*? why my Lord, I thinke it's a woman, for first a woman is nothing of her selfe; and againe shee is likest a man of any thing. *Com.S.* But wherein is she vnlike?

Pha. In euery thing, in peeuishnesse, in folly——st Boy.

Her. In pride, deceit, prating, lying, cogging, coynes, spite, hate sir.

Pha. And in many moe such vices: Now hee may well say, the left side a mans right side is, for a crosse wife is alwayes contrary to her husband, euer contradicting what hee wisheth for, like to the verse in *Martiall Velle tuum.*

Mem. Velle tuum nolo, Divine *nolle volo.*

Pha. Lighter then a feather, doth any man make question of that?

Mem. They need not, for I remember I saw a Cardinall weigh

them once, and the woman was found three graines lighter.

Com. S. 'Tis ſtrange, for I haue ſeene Gentlewomen weare feathers oftentimes, can they carry heauier things then themſelues?

Mem. O Sir, I remember, 'tis their only delight to doe ſo.

Com. S. But how apply you the laſt verſe, it fits no place ſir?

Pha. By my faith that ſpoiles al the former, for theſe Fardingals take vp all the roome now a dayes, 'tis not a woman queſtioneſſe: Shal I be put downe with a Riddle? ſirrah *Heureſis* ſearch the corners of your conceit, and find it me quickly. (glaſſe.

Heu. Hay, εὕρηκα εὕρηκα I haue it, 'tis a mans face in a looking-

Pha. My Lord, 'tis ſo indeed, ſirra, let's ſee it, for doe you ſee my right eye here? *Com. S.* What of your eye.

Pha. O Lord ſir, this kind of frown is excellent, eſpecially when 'tis ſweetened with ſuch a pleaſing ſmile, *Com. S. Phantaſtes?*

Phan. O ſir, my left eye is my right in the glaſſe, do you ſee? by theſe lips my Garters hang ſo neatly, my Gloues and Shooes become my hands and feete ſo well: *Heureſis* tye my ſhooes ſtrings with a new knot;——this point was ſcarce wel truſt——ſo, 'tis excellent,—— Looking-glaſſes were a paſſing inuention, I proteſt the fitteſt bookes for Ladies to ſtudy on——

Mem. Take heed you fall not in loue with your ſelfe *Phantaſtes*, as I remember: *Anamneſtes*, who waſt that died of the looking diſeaſe?

Ana. Forſooth *Narciſſus*, by the ſame token he was turned to a Daffadil: And as he died for loue of himſelfe, ſo (if you remember) there was an old il fauoured precious-noſed, babber-lipt, beetle-brow'd, bleare-eyd, ſlouch-ear'd-ſlaue that looking himſelfe by chance in a g'aſſe died for pure hate.

Pha. By the lip of my—I could liue and die with this face.

Com. S. Fie, fie, *Phantaſtes*, ſo effeminate for ſhame leaue off. *Viſus* your obiects I muſt needes ſay are admirable, if the houſe inſtrument be anſwerable, let's here therefore in briefe your deſcription.

Viſ. Vnder the fore-head of Mount *Cephalon*,
That ouer-peeres the coaſt of *Mycrocoſme*,
Al in the ſhadow of two pleaſant Groues,
Stand my two Manſion-houſes, both as round
As the cleare heauens, both twins as like each other,
As Starre to Starre, which by the vulgar ſort,
For their reſplendent compoſition,

Are

Are nam'd the bright eyes of Mount *Cephalon*,
With foure faire roomes thoſe lodgings are contriu'd.
Foure goodly roomes in forme moſt Spherical,
Cloſing each other like the heauenly Orbes:
The firſt whereof, of Natures ſubſtance wrought
As a ſtrange Moate the other to defend,
Is trained moueable by Art Diuine,
Stirring the whole compacture of the reſt:
The ſecond chamber is moſt curiouſly
Compoſed of burniſht, and transparant horne.

Pha. That's a matter of nothing, I haue knowne many haue ſuch bed-chambers.

Mem. It may be ſo, for I remember being once in the Townes Library. I read ſuch a thing in their great booke of Monuments called *Cornu-copia* or rather their *Copia-Cornu*.

Viſ. The thir'ds, a leſſer roome of pureſt glaſſe,
The fourth's ſmalleſt, but paſſeth all the former,
In worth of matter, built moſt ſumptuouſly:
With wals tranſparant of pure Chriſtaline.
This the ſoules Mirrours, and the bodies guide,
Loues Cabiner, bright Beacons of the Realme,
Caſements of light, quiuer of Cupids ſhafts:
Wherein I ſit and immediatly receiue,
The ſpecies of things Corporeall,
Keeping continuall Watch and Centinell.
Leſt forraine hurt inuade our *Microcoſme*,
And warning giue, (if pleaſant things approach)
To entertaine them; from this coſtly roome
Leadeth, my Lord, an entry to your houſe,
Through which, I hourely to your ſelfe conuey
Matters of wiſedome by experience bred:
Arts firſt inuention, pleaſant viſion,
Deepe contemplations, that attires the ſoule
In gorgeous robes of flowing literature.
Then if that *Viſus* hath deſerued beſt,
Let his victorious brow, with Crowne be bleſt.

Com. S. Anamneſtes ſee who's to come next.

Anam. Preſently my Lord.

Pha. *Viſus*, I wonder that amongſt all your obiects, you preſen-

ted vs not with *Platoes Idea*, or the ſight of *Ninive*, *Babylon*, *London* or ſome Stur-bridge-faire-monſters, they would haue done paſſing wel, thoſe motions, in my imagination, are very delightfull.

Viſ. I was loath to trouble your Honours with ſuch toies, neither could I prouide them in ſo ſhort a time.

Com.S. We will conſider your worth, meane while we diſmiſſe you. *Viſus leads his ſhew about the Stage, and ſo goeth out with it.*

Actus tertius. Scæna vltima.

Auditus, &c

Aud. Harke, harke, harke, harke, peace, peace, O peace, O ſweet admirable, Swan-like, heauenly; harke, O moſt mellifluous ſtraine, O what a pleaſant cloaſe, was there, O ful, moſt delicate.

Com.S. How now *Phantaſtes*, is *Auditus* mad? (crotchets.

Pha. Let him alone, his muſicall head is alwayes full of odde

Aud. Did you marke the dainty driuing of the laſt point? an excellent maintaining of the Song, by the choiſe timpan of mine eare, I neuer heard a better, hiſt, ſt, ſt, harke, why there's a cadence able to rauiſh the dulleſt Stoicke.

Com.S. I know not what to thinke on him.

Aud. There, how ſweetely the plaine-ſong was diſſolued into deſcant, and how eaſily they came off with the laſt reſt? harke, harke, the bitter-ſweeteſt Achromaticke. *Com.S. Auditus.*

Aud. Thanks good *Appollo* for this timely grace, neuer could'ſt thou in fitter: O more then muſicall harmony! O moſt admirable conſort! haue you no eares? doe you not heare this Muſicke?

Pha. It may bee good, but in my opinion, they reſt to long in the beginning.

Aud. Are you then deafe? doe you not yet perceine the wonderous ſound, the heauenly Orbes, doe make with their continuall motion? harke, O hony ſweet *Com.S.* What tune do they play?

Aud. Why ſuch a tune as neuer was, nor euer ſhall be heard, marke now, now marke, now now. *Pha.* Liſt, liſt, liſt.

Aud. Hearke, O ſweete, ſweete, ſweete.

Pha. Liſt, now my heart enuies my happy eares, hiſht, by the gold ſtrung harp of *Apollo*, I heare the celeſtiat muſick of the ſpheres as plainly as euer *Pythagoras* did. O moſt excellent diapaſon! good, good,

good, good. It playes fortune my foe, as distinctly as may bee.

Com.S. As the foole thinketh, the Bel clinketh; I protest I heare no more then a post.

Pha. What, the Lavata hay? Nay if the Heauens fiddle, *Phansy* must needes daunce.

Com.S Prithee sit stil, thou must daunce nothing but the passing measures, *Memory* do you heare this harmony of the Spheres?

Mem. Not now my Lord, but I remember about some 4000. yeeres agoe, when the sky was first made, we heard very perfectly.

An, By the same token the first tune the Planets played, I remember *Venus* the treble ran sweet diuision vpon *Saturne* the base. The first tune they played was *Salengers* round, in memory whereof euer since, it hath bin called the beginning of the world.

Com.S. How comes it we cannot heare it now?

Mem. Our eares are so wel acquainted with the sound, that wee neuer marke it. As I remember the *Ægyptian Catadupes* neuer heard the roaring of the fal of *Nylus*, because the noyse is so familiar vnto them,

Com.S. Have you no other obiects to iudge by then these *Anditus*?

And. This is the rarest and most exquisite,
Most Spherical, Divine, Angelicall,
But since your duller eares cannot reforme it,
May it please your worship to withdraw your selfe
Vnto this neighboring Grove, there shall you see
How the sweete treble of the chirping Birds,
And the soft stirring of the mooued leaues,
Running delightful, descant to the sound,
Of the base murmuring of the bubling Brooke
Becomes a consort of good instruments.
While twenty babling Ecchoes round about,
Out of the stony concaue of their mouth;
Restore the vanisht musicke of each close,
And fill your eares ful with redoubled pleasure.

Com.S. I wil walke with you very willingly, for I grow weary of sitting. Come M. *Register*, and M. *Phantastes*. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus 4. Scæna 1.

Mendacio

Mondacio, Anamneſtes, Heureſis.

Men. PRithee *Nam* be perſwaded, is't not better go to a feaſt, then ſtay here for a fray?

Ana. A feaſt? doſt thinke *Audius* wil make the Iudges a feaſt?

Men. Faith I, why ſhould he carry them to his houſe elſe?

Ana. Why ſirra to heare a ſet or two of ſongs, S'lid his banquets are nothing but fiſh; all ſol, ſol, ſol. Ile teach the wit Boy, neuer go mee to a Muſitians houſe for junkets, vnleſſe thy ſtomacke lies in thine eares; for there's nothing but commending this ſongs delicate ayre, that motects daiaty aire, this ſonnets ſweet ayre; that madrigals melting ayre, this dugeſſe mournefull ayre; this Church ayre; that Chamber ayre, *French* ayre, *Engliſh* ayre, *Italian* ayre, why Lad, they bee pure *Camelions*, they feede only vpon the Ayre.

Men. Camelions? Ile be ſworne ſome of your Fidlers be rather Cammels, for by their good-wils they will neuer leaue eating.

Ana. True, and good reaſon, for they do nothing all the day but ſtretch and grate their ſmal guts; but O, yonder's the Ape *Heureſis*, let him goe I prithee.

Men. Nay good now ſtay a little, let's ſee his humour.

Heu. I ſee no reaſon to the contrary, for we ſee the quinteſſence of wine will conuert water into wine; why therefore ſhould not the Elixar of gold turne lead into pure gold?

Men. Ha, ha, ha, ha, he is turn'd Chimicke ſirra, it ſeemes ſo by his talke.

Heu. But how ſhall I deuiſe to blow the fire of Beech-coales, with a continuall and equall blaſt? ha? I wil haue my bellowes driuen with a wheele, which wheele ſhall be a ſelfe-mouer.

Ana. Her's old turning, theſe Chimicks ſeeking to turne Lead into gold, turne away all their owne Silver.

Heu. And my wheele ſhalbe Geometrically proportioned into 7. or 9. concaue incircled armes, wherein I wil put equal poiſes, hai, hai, hai, εὑρηκα, εὑρηκα, I have it, I have it, I have it.

Men. Heureſis?

Heu. But what's beſt to containe the Quick-ſilver ha?

Ana. Doe you remember your promiſe *Heureſis*?

Heu. It muſt not be yron, for Quick-ſilver is the tyrant of Metals, and will ſoone fret it. *An. Heureſis, Heureſis*?

Heu. Nor braſſe nor Copper, nor Maſtlin, nor Mineral, εὑρηκα. εὑρηκα, I haue it, I haue it, it muſt be.

Ana.

An. You haue indeed firra, and thus much more then you looked for (*ſnappe*)

Heureſis and Anamneſtes about to fight but Mendacio parts them.

Men. You ſhal not fight, but if you wil alwayes diſagree, lets haue words and no blowes; *Heureſis*, what reaſon haue you to fall out with him?

Heu. Becauſe he is alwayes abuſing mee, and takes the vpper hand of me euery where.

An. And why not ſirra? I am thy better in any place.

Heu. Haue I bin the Authour of the ſeuen liberall Sciences, and conſequently of al learning? Haue I bin the Patron of al Mechanical deuiſes to be thy inferiour? I tel thee *Anamneſtes* thou hast not ſo much as a point, but thou art beholding to me for it.

An. Good, good, but what had your inuention bin but for my remembrance; I can proue, that thou belly-ſprung inuention art the moſt improfitable member in the World, for euer ſince thou wert borne, thou haſt bin a bloody murtherer, and thus I proue it. In the quiet yeeres of *Saturne* (I remember *Iupiter* was then but in his ſwathbands) thou rentſt the bowels of the earth, & broughtſt gold to light, whoſe beauty (like *Helen*) ſet all the world by the eares; then vpon that thou foundeſt out Iron, and putteſt weapons in their hands; and now in the laſt populous age, thou taught'ſt a ſcab-ſhin Frier, the helliſh inuention of Powder and Guns.

Heu. Cal'ſt it helliſh? thou lieſt, it is the admirableſt inuention of al others, for whereas others imitate nature, this excels nature her ſelfe.

Men. True, for a Cannon wil kil as many at one ſhot, as Thunder doth commonly at twenty.

An. Therefore more murthering art thou then the Light-bolt.

Heu. But to ſhew the ſtrength of my conceite, I haue found out a meanes to withſtand the ſtroke of the moſt violent culuering *Mendacio* thou ſaweſt it when I demonſtrated the inuention.

An. What? ſome Wool-packs? or Mud-wals? or ſuch like?

Heu Mendacio I prithee tel it him, for I loue not to be a Trumpeter of mine owne praiſes.

Men. I muſt needes confeſſe this deuiſe to paſſe all that euer I heard or ſaw, and thus it was; Firſt he takes a Faulcon and charges it without all deceits, with dry powder wel camphred, then did he put in a ſingle Bullet, and a great quantity of drop-ſhot both round

and lachrimall: this done, he ſets me a Boy 60. paces off, iuſt point blanke ouer againſt the mouth of the Peece, now in the very midſt of the direct line hee faſtens a poſt, vpon which he hangs me in a cord, a Sidierite of Herculean ſtone.

Ana. Well, wel, I know it well, it was found out in *Ida*, in the yeare of the world——by one *Magnes*, whoſe name it retaines, though vulgarly they call it an Adamant.

Men. When hee had hang'd this Adamant in a cord, hee comes backe, and giues fire to the tutch-hole, now the powder conſumed to a void vacuum.

Hen. Which is intollerable in nature, for firſt ſhall the whole Machin of the World, Heauen, Earth, Sea, and Ayre, returne to the miſhapen houſe of *Chaos*, then the leaſt vacuum be found in the Vniuerſe.

Men. The Bullet and drop-ſhot, moſt impetuouſly from the fiery throat of the Culvering, (but O ſtrange) no ſooner came they neere the Adamant in the cord, but they were all arreſted by the Serieant of Nature, and houered in the Ayre round about it, till they haſt loſt the force of their motion, claſping themſelues cloſe to the ſtone in moſt louely manner; and not any one flew to endanger the marke, ſo much did they remember their duty to nature, that they forgot the errand they were ſent of.

An. This is a very artificiall lie.

Men. *Nam* beleeue it, for I ſaw it, and which is more, I haue practiſed this deuiſe often: Once when I had a quarrel with one of my Lady *Veritas* naked knaues and had pointed him the field, I conuaid into the heart of my Buckler an Adamant, and when we met, I drew al the foynes of his Rapier, whereſoeuer he intended, or howſoeuer I guided mine arme, pointed ſtil to the midſt of my Buckler; ſo that by this meanes, I hurt the knaue mortally, and my ſelfe came away vntoucht to the wonder of all the beholders.

An. Sirra, you ſpeake Metaphorically, becauſe thy wit *Mendacio* alwayes drawes mens objections to thy fore-thought excuſes,

Hen. *Anamneſtes* 'tis true, and I haue an addition to this, which is to make the Bullet, ſhot from the enemy, to returne immediatly vpon the Gunner; but let theſe paſſe, and ſay the worſt thou canſt againſt me.

An. I ſay Guns were found out for the quicke diſpatch of mortality, and when thou ſaweſt men grow wiſe, and beget ſo faire a child

child as Peace, of so foule and deformed a mother as Warre, least there should be no murther thou deuisest poyson.

Men. Nay fie *Nam*, vrge him not to farre.

An. And last, & worst, thou found'st out Cookery, that kils more then weapons, guns, warres, or poysons; and would destroy all, but that thou inventedst Physicke, th'are helpes to make away some.

Heu. But sirra, besides all this, I deuis'd Pillories for such forging villaines as thy selfe.

Anam. Cal'st me villaine?

They fight, and are parted by Mendacio.

Men. You shal not fight as long as I am here, give ouer I say,

Heur. Mendacio you offer me great wrong to hold me, in good faith I shall fall out with you.

Men. Away, away, away, you are inuention, are you not?

Heu. Yes sir, what then?

Men. And you Remembrance?

Anam. Well sir, well.

Men. Then I wil be *Iudicium* the moderator betwixt you, and make you both friends; come, come, shake hands, shake hands.

Heu. Wel, wel, if you will needes haue it so?

Ana, I am in some sort content.

Mendacio walks with them, holding them by the hands.

Men. Why this is as it should be, when *Mendacio* hath *Inuention* on the one hand, and Remembrance on the other, as hee'le be sure neuer to be found with truth in his mouth; he so scornes to be taken in a lie, hai, hai, hai, my fine wags, whist.

Ana. Whist. *Heur.* Whist.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Secunda.

Communis Sensus, Memory, Phantastes, Heuresis, Anamnestes, *take their places on the Bench as before,* Auditus *on the Stage, a Page before him bearing his Target; the field sable, an heart, next him* Tragædeus *apparelled in blacke Veluet faire Buskins, a Fauchion, &c. then* Comœdus *in a light colloured greene Taffata robe, silke stockings pumps, gloues, &c.*

Communis Sensus, Memory, Phantastes, Heuresis, Anamnestes, &c.

Com. S. They had some reason that held the soule a harmony for it is greatly delighted with Musicke, how fast we were tyed by

he eares to the conſort of voices yonder? but all is but a little pleaſure, what profitable objects hath he?

Pha. Your eares wil teach you preſently, for now he's comming, that fellow in the Bayes me-thinks I ſhould haue knowne him, O tis *Comædus* 'tis ſo, but hee is become now a dayes ſomething humorous, and too too Satyrical, vp and downe like his great Grandfather *Ariſtophanes*.

Ana. Theſe two my Lord; *Comædus*, and *Tragedus*,
My fellowes both, both twins, but ſo vnlike
As birth to death, wedding to funerall:
For this that reares himſelfe in buskings quainte,
Is pleaſant at the firſt, proud in the midſt,
Stately in all, and bitter death at end.
That in the pumps doth frowne at firſt acquaintance,
Trouble in the midſt, but in the end concludes,
Cloſing vp all with a ſweete cataſtrophe.
This graue, and ſad diſdaine, with briniſh teares,
That light and quicke, with wrinkl'd laughter painted:
This deales with Nobles, Kings, and Emperors,
Ful of great feares, great hopes, great enterpriſes:
This other trades with men of meane condition,
His proiects ſmall, ſmal hopes and dangers little:
This gorgeous, broidered with rich ſentences:
That faire, and purfled round with merriments.
Both vice detect, and vertue beautifie,
By being deaths mirrour, and lifes looking-glaſſe.

Com. Salutem iam primum à principio propitiam,
Mihi atque Vobis ſpectatores nuntio.

Phan. Piſh, piſh, this is a ſpeech with no Action, let's here *Terence, Quid igitur faciam, &c.*

Com. Quid igitur faciam? non eam ne nunc quidem cum accuſor vltro?

Phan. Phy, phy, phy, no more action, lend me your Bayes, doe it thus: *Quid igitur, &c.* (hee acts it after the old kind of *Pantomimicke* action.)

Com. S. I ſhould judge this action *Phantaſtes* moſt abſurd, vnleſſe we ſhould come to a Comedy, as Gentlewomen to the Commencement, only to ſee men ſpeake.

Phan. In my imagination it's excellent, for in this kind, the hand

(you

(you know) is harbinger to the tongue, and prouides the wordes a lodging in the eares of the Auditors.

Com. S. Audstus it is now time you make vs acquainted with the quality of the house you keepe in, for our better helpe in judgement.

Aud. Vpon the sides of faire mount *Cephalon*,
Haue I two houses passing humane skill,
Of finest matter by Dame Nature wrought,
Whose learned fingers haue adorn'd the same
With gorgeous porches of so strange a forme,
That they command the passengers to stay:
The doores whereof in hospitality
Nor day, nor night, are shut, but open wide,
Gently inuite all comners; whereupon
They are nam'd the open eares of *Cephalon*.
But least some bolder sound should boldly rush,
And breake the nice composture of the worke,
The skilful builder wisely hath inrang'd,
An entry from each port with curious Twines,
And crookt Meanders, like the Laborinth
That *Dedalus* fram'd to inclose the Minotaure;
At end whereof, is plac't a costly portal
Resembling much the figure of a Drumme,
Granting slow entrance to a priuate closet:
Where dayly with a Mallet in my hand,
I sit and frame al words and sounds that come
Vpon an Anvile, and so make them fit
For the perewinckling poore, that winding leads
From my close Chamber to your Lordships Cell.
Thither do I chiefe Iustice of al accents,
Psyches next porter, *Microcosmes* front.
Learnings rich treasure, bring discipline,
Reasons discourse, knowledge of forraine states,
Lou'd fame of great *Heroes* vertuous deeds:
The marrow of grave speeches and the flowers
Of quickest wits, neat Iests, and pure conceits,
And often times to ease the heauy burthen
Of gouernment your Lordships shoulders beare,
I thither do conduce the pleasing Nuptials

Of ſweeteſt inſtruments with heauenly noiſe:
If then *Auditus* haue deſeru'd the beſt,
Let him be dignified before the reſt.

Com.S. *Auditus* I am almoſt a Skepticke in this matter, ſcarce knowing which way the ballance of the cauſe will decline, when I haue heard the reſt I will diſpatch judgement, meane while you may depart.

Auditus leads his ſhew about the Stage, and then goes out

Actus Quartus. Scæna Tertia.

Communis Senſus, Memoria, Phantaſtes, Anamneſtes, Heureſis, *as before*, Olfactus *in a Garland of ſeuerall flowers, a Page before him, bearing his Target, his field vert, a hound argent, two Boyes with caſting bottles, and two with Cenſors with Incenſe; another with a Veluet cuſhion ſtucke with flowers, another with a basket of hearbes, another with a boxe of oyntment:* Olfactus *leads them about, and making obeyſance preſents them before the Bench.*

1 *Boy.* Your onely way to make a good pomander, is this; take an ounce of the puteſt garden mould, clenſed & ſteeped ſeuen dayes in change of mother-leſſe Roſe-water, then take the beſt Labdanum Benjome, both Storaxes, Amber-Greece, and Ciuet, and Muske, incorporate them together, and worke them into what forme you pleaſe; this, if your breath be not to valiant, will make you ſmell as ſweete as my Ladies dog.

Pha. This Boy it ſhould ſeeme repreſents Odor, he is ſo perfect a perfumer. *Odor.* I doe my Lord, and haue at my command,
The ſmell of flowers, and Odoriferous drugs,
Of oyntment ſweet, and excellent perfumes,
And Court-like waters, which if once ye ſmell,
You in your heart would wiſh as I ſuppoſe,
That all your body were trans-form'd to Noſe.

Ph. Olfactus of al the Senſes, your objects haue the worſt luck, they are alwayes jarring with their contraries, for none can weare Ciuet, but they are ſuſpected of a proper bad ſent, whence the Prouerbe ſprings, he ſmelleth beſt that doth of nothing ſmell.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Quarta.

The Bench and Olfactus *as before*, Tobacco *apparelled in a Taffata Mantle, his armes browne and naked, Buskins made of the pilling of*

of Oſiers, his necke bare, hung with Indian leaues, his face browne, painted with blew ſtripes, in his noſe Swines teeth, on his head a painted Wicker Crowne, with Tobacco pipes ſet in it, plumes of Tobacco leaues, led by two Indian Boyes naked, with Tapers in their hands, Tobacco boxes, and pipes lighted.

Pha. Foh, foh, what a ſmel is here? is this one of your delightfull obie&s? *Olf.* 'T is your only ſent in requeſt Sir.

Com.S. What fiery fellow is that, which ſmoakes ſo much in the mouth? *Olf,* t is the great and puiſſant god of Tobacco.

Tob. Ladoch guevarroh puſuer ſhelvaro baggon,
Olfia di quanon, Indi cortilo vraggon.

Ph. Ha, ha, ha, this in my opinion is the tongue of the Antipodes.

Men. No, I remember it very w ll, it was the Language the Arcadians ſpake that liued long before the Moone.

Com.S. What ſignifies it *Olfactus?*

Olf. This is mighty Emperour *Tobacco*, King of *Trinidado*, that in being conquered, conquered all Europe, in making them pay tribute for their ſmoke. *Tob. Erfronge inglues conde hiſingo,*
Deuelin floſcoth ma pu coctbinge.

Olf. Expeller of Catarhes, baniſher of al Agues, your guts only ſalue, for the greene wounds of a *non plus.*

Tob. Al vulcam vercu, I parda pera ſi de gratam, ka famala mara che Baubo reſpartera quivita?

Olf. Son to God *Vulcan*, and *Tellus*, kin to the father of Mirth, called *Bacchus.*

Tob. Viſcardonox, pil loſtuphe, paſcano tinaromagas,
Pagi dagon ſtolliſinſe, carocibato ſcribas.

Olf. Genius of all ſwaggerers, profeſt enemy to Phyſitians, ſweete oyntment for ſowre teeth, firme knot of good fellowſhip, Adamant of Company, ſwift wind to ſpread the wings of Time, hated of none but thoſe that know him not, and of ſo great deſerts, that who ſo is acquainted with him can hardly forſake him.

Pha. It ſeemes theſe laſt words were very ſignificant, I promiſe you a God of great denomination, he may bee my Lord *Tappes* for his large Titles.

Com.S. But forward *Olfactus*, as they haue done before you, with your deſcription?

Olf. Iuſt in the midſt of *Cephalons* round face,
As 'twere a frontiſ-pice vnto the Hill,

Olfact.

Olfactus lodging built in figure long,
Doubly disparted with two precious vaults,
The roots whereof most richly are inclos'd.
With orient Pearles, and sparkling Diamonds.
Beset at the end with Emerauds and Turchois,
And Rubies red, and flaming Chrysolites,
At vpper end whereof, in costly manner,
I lay my head betweene two spungeous pillowes,
Like faire *Adonis* twixt the paps of *Venus*,
Where I conducting in and out the wind,
Dayly examine all the ayre inspir'd,
By my pure searching, if it be pure,
And fit to serue the lungs with liuely breath.
Hence doe I likewise minister perfume
Vnto the neighbour braine, perfumes of force
To cleanse your head, and make your fantasie
To refine wit, and sharpe inuention,
And strengthen memory, from whence it came,
That old deuotion, Incense did ordaine
To make mans spirits more apt for things Diuine:
Besides a thousand more commodities,
In liew whereof your Lordships I request,
Giue me the Crowne if I deserue it best.

Olfactus leads his company about the Stage, and goes out.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Quinta.

The Bench as before: a Page with a shield Argent, an Ape proper with an Apple, then Gustus *with a Cornu-copia in his hand,* Bacchus *in a Garland of leaues and Grapes, a white Iuite, and ouer it a thin sarsenet to his foote, in his hand a speare wreathed with vine-leaues, on his arme a Target with a Tiger,* Ceres *with a Crowne of eares of Corne, in a yellow silke robe, a bunch of Poppy in her hand, a Scutchion charged with a Dragon.*

Com. S. In good time *Gustus*, haue you brought your obiects?

Gus. My seruant *Appetitus* followeth with them.

Ap. Come, come, *Bacchus* you are so fat, enter, enter.

Pha, Fie, fie *Gustus*, this is a great indecorum to bring *Bacchus* alone, you should haue made Thirst leade him by the hand.

Gus. Right sir, but men now a dayes drinke often when they be not

not dry, beſides I could not get red herrings, & dried neats tongues enough to apparell him in. *Com. S.* What neuer a ſpeech of him?

Guſ. I put an *Octaue* of *Iambicks* in his mouth, and hee hath drunke it downe.

Ap. Well done Muſcadine and Egges ſtand hoe; what buttet'd Claret? goe thy way thou hadſt beſt, for blind men that cannot ſee how wickedly thou look'ſt——how now, what ſmall thin fellow, are you here? ha?

Boy. Beere forſooth, Beere forſooth.

Ap. Beere forſooth? get you gone to the Buttery till I call for you, you are none of *Bacchus* attendants, I am ſure he cannot endure the ſmell of Mault. Where is *Ceres*? O well, well, is the Marchpane broken? ill lucke, ill lucke, come hang't, neuer ſtand to ſet it together againe; ſerue out fruit there. (*Enter Boyes with the Banquet, Marmolet ſweete, &c. deliuer it round among the Gentlewomen, and goe out*) What doe you come with roſtmeate after Apples? away with it, diſgeſtion ſerue out cheeſe; what, but a peny-worth? it is iuſt meaſure of his noſe that ſold it, Lambs-wooll, the meekeſt meat in the world, 'twill let any man fleece, Snap-dragon there.

Mem. O, I remember this diſh well, it was firſt inuented by *Pluto* to entertaine *Proſerpine* withall.

Pha. I thinke not ſo *Memory*, for when *Hercules* had kil'd the flaming Dragon of *Hſperides*, with the Apples of that Orchard he made this fiery meat, in memory wherof he named it Snap-dragon.

Com. S. Guſtus lets heare your deſcription?

Guſ. Neere to the lowly baſe of *Cephalon*,
My houſe is plac't not much vnlike a Caue,
Yet Arch't aboue by wondrous workemanſhip,
With hewen ſtones wrought ſmoother and more fine
Then Iet and Marble farre from Iland brought,
Ouer the doore directly doth incline
A faire Percullis of compacture ſtrong,
To ſhut out all that may anoy the ſtate,
Or health of *Microcoſme*, and within
Is ſpread a long boord like a plyant tongue,
At which I hourely ſit, and tryall take,
Of meates and drinkes needfull and delectable,
Twiſe euery day doe I prouiſion make
For the ſumptuous Kitchin of the common-wealth,
Which once well boyl'd, is ſoone diſtributed,

To all the members well, refreshing them
With good supply of strength renuing food.
Should I neglect this musing diligence,
The body of the realme would ruinate:
Your selfe my Lord with al your policies,
And wondrous wit could not preserue your selfe,
Nor you *Phantastes*, nor you *Memory*,
Psyche her selfe, wer't not that I repaire
Her crazie house with props of nourishment,
Would soone forsake vs, for whose deerest sake,
Many a grieuous paine haue I sustain'd,
By bitter pils, and sowre purgations,
Which if I had not valiantly abidden
She had beene long ere this departed.
Since the whole *Microcosme* I maintaine,
Let me as Prince aboue the Senses raigne.

Com. S. The reasons you vrge *Gustus* breed a new doubt whether it be better to be commodious or necessary, the resolution whereof I referre to your judgements, licensing you meane while to depart.

Gustus leads his shew about the stage, and goes out.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Sexta.

The Beneh as before; Tactus, *a Page before him bearing a Scutchion, a Torteſſe ſables.*

Tact. Ready anon forsooth? the Deuil she wil,
Who would be toil'd with Wenches in a shew?

Com. S. What in such anger *Tactus*? whats the matter?

Tact. My Lord, I had thought as other Senses did,
By sight of obiects to haue proui'd my worth:
Wherefore considering that of all the things
That please me most, women are counted chiefe
I had thought to haue represented in my shew
The Queene of pleasure, *Venus* and her sonne,
Leading a Gentleman enamored,
With his sweete touching of his Mistresse lips,
And gentle griping of her tender hands,
And diuers pleasant relishes of touch,
Yet all contained in the bounds of chastity.

Pha. Tactus, of all I long to see your obiects,
How comes it, we haue lost those pretty sports?

Tact.

Tact. Thus 'tis, fiue houres agoe, I ſet a dozen of Maids to attire a Boy like a nice Gentlewoman, but there is ſuch doing with their looking-glaſſes, pinning, vnpinning: ſetting, vnſetting; formings, and contormings, painting blew veines and cheeks; ſuch ſtirre with Stickes & Combes, Caſcanets, Dreſſings, Purles, Falles Squares Buskes, Bodies, Scarffes, Neck-laces, Carcanets, Rebatoes, Borders, Tires, Fannes, Palizadoes, Puffes, Ruffes, Cuffes, Muffes, Puſles, Fuſles Partlets, Friſlets, Bandlets, Fillets, Croſlets, Pendulets, Amulets, Annulets, Bracelets, and ſo many lets, that ſhe is ſcarce dreſt to the girdle: and now there's ſuch calling for Fardingalls, Kirtles, Buske-points, ſhooe-ties, &c. that ſeuen Pedlers ſhops, nay all Sturbridge Faire will ſcarce furniſh her: a Ship is ſooner rig'd by far, then a Gentlewoman made ready.

Phan. 'Tis ſtrange that women being ſo mutable,
VVill neuer change in changing their apparel.

Com. S. VVell, let them paſſe; *Tactus* we are content to know your dignity by relation.

Tact. The inſtrument of inſtruments, the hand,
Courteſies index, Chamberlaine to Nature,
The bodies Souldier, and mouthes Caterer,
Pſyches great Secretary, the dumbes eloquence,
The blind-mans Candle, and his fore-heads Buckler,
The miniſter of wrath, and friendſhips ſigne,
This is my inſtrument: neuertheleſſe my power
Extends it ſelfe farre, as our Queene commands,
Through all the parts and climes of *Microcoſme.*
I am the roote of life, ſpreading my vertue
By ſinewes that extend from head to foote,
To euery liuing part.
For as a ſuttle Spider cloſely ſitting,
In Center of her web, that ſpreadeth round,
If the leaſt flie but touch the ſmalleſt thread,
She feeles it inſtantly; ſo doth my ſelfe,
Caſting my ſlender nerues and ſundry nets,
Ouer euery particle of al the body,
By proper skill perceiue the difference,
Of ſeuerall qualities, hot, cold, moiſt, and dry;
Hard, ſoft, rough, ſmoth, clammy, and ſlippery,
Sweet pleaſure, and ſharpe paine profitable,
That makes vs wounded ſeeke for remedy:

By theſe meanes doe I teach the body flie,
From ſuch bad things as may endanger it.
A wall of braſſe can be no more defence
Vnto a Towne, then I to *Microcoſmo*.
Tell me what Senſe is not beholding to me?
The Noſe is hot or cold, the Eyes do weepe,
The Eares doe feele, the Taſt's a kind of Touching.
That when I pleaſe, I can command them all,
And make them tremble when I threaten them:
I am the eldeſt, and biggeſt of the reſt,
The chiefeſt note, and firſt diſtinction,
Betwixt a liuing tree and liuing beaſt;
For though one heare, and ſee, and ſmell, and taſt,
If he want touch, he is counted but a blocke.
Therefore my Lord grant me the royalty
Of whom there is ſuch great neceſſity.

Com.S. Tactus ſtand aſide; you ſirra *Anamneſtes* tel the Senſes we expect their appearance. *An.* At your Lordſhips pleaſure.

Exit Anamneſtes.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Septima.

Common Senſe, Phantaſtes, Memoria, Heureſis, Anamneſtes, *vpon the Bench conſulting among themſelues:* Viſus, Tactus, Guſtus, *and* Olfactus, *euery one with his ſhield vpon his arme*, Lingua, *and* Mendacio, *with them.*

Com.S. Though you deſerue no ſmall puniſhment for theſe vp-rores, yet at the requeſt of theſe my aſſiſtants I remit it, and by the power of iudgement our gracious Soueraigne *Pſyche* hath giuen me, I thus determine of your controuerſies, hum. By your former obiects, inſtruments and reaſons, I conceiue the ſtate of *Senſe* to be diuided into two parts, one of commo.ity, the other of neceſſitie, both which are either for our Queene, or for our Countrey; but as the Soule is more excellent then the Body, ſo are the Senſes that profit the Soule to bee eſtimated before thoſe that are needful for the body. *Viſus* and *Auditus* ſerue your ſelues, Maſter *Regiſter* give me the Crowne; becauſe it is better to be wel, then ſimply to be, therefore I iudge the Crowne by right to belong to you of the commodities part, and the Robe to you of the neceſſities ſide; and ſince you *Viſus* are the Author of inuention, and you *Auditus* of increaſe and addition to the ſame; ſeeing it is more excellent to inuent

uent then to augment, I eſtabliſh you *Viſus* the better of the two, and chiefe of al the reſt, in token whereof I beſtow vpon you this Crowne to weare at your liberty.

Viſ. I moſt humbly thanke your Lordſhips.

Com.S. But leſt I ſhould ſeeme to neglect you *Auditus*, I here chuſe you to be the Lords intelligencer to *Pſyche* her Maieſty, and you *Olfactus* we beſtow vpon you the chiefe Prieſt-hood of *Microcoſme*, perpetually to offer incenſe in his Maieſties temple: As for you *Tactus* vpon your reaſons alleaged, I beſtow vpon you the Robe.

Tactus, I accept it moſt gratefully at your juſt hands, and will weare it in remembrance of your good Lordſhip.

Com.S. And laſtly *Guſtus* we elect you *Pſyche* her only Taſter, and great Purueior for all her dominions both by Sea and Land, in her Realme of *Microcoſme*.

Guſt. We thanke your Lord-ſhip, and reſt wel content with equall abitrement. *Com.S.* Now for you *Lingua*.

Ling. I beſeech your honour let me ſpeake, I will neither trouble the company nor offend your patience.

Com.S. I cannot ſtay ſo long, wee haue conſulted about you, and find your cauſe to ſtand vpon theſe termes, and conditions. The number of Senſes in this little world, is anſwerable to the firſt bodies in the great world: Now ſince there be but fiue in the Vniuerſe the foure Elements, and the pure ſubſtance of the heauens, therfore there can bee but fiue Senſes in our *Microcoſme*, correſpondent to thoſe; as the ſight to the heauens, hearing to the aire, touching to the earth, ſmelling to the fire, taſting to the water; by which fiue meanes onely, the vnderſtanding is able to appehend the knowledge of all Corporeall ſubſtances, wherefore wee judge you to bee no Senſe ſimply; onely thus much we from hence-forth pronounce, that all women for your ſake, ſhall haue ſixe Senſes: that is, Seeing, Hearing, Taſting, Smelling, Touching, and the laſt and feminine Senſe, the Senſe of ſpeaking.

Guſ. I beſeech your Lord-ſhips, and your Aſſiſtants (the only cauſe of our friend-ſhip) to grace my Table, with your moſt welcome preſence this night at ſupper.

Com.S. I am ſorry I cannot ſtay with you, you know wee may by no meanes omit our dayly attendance at the Court, therefore I pray you pardon vs.

Guſ. I hope I ſhall not haue the deniall at your hands my Maſters, and you my Lady *Lingua*, come let vs drowne al our anger in a

bowle of Hipocras. *Exeunt Senſus omnes exteriores.*

Com.S. Come Maſter *Regiſter* ſhal we walke?

Mem. I pray you ſtay a little, let me ſee? ha, ha, ha, ha.

Ph. How now *Memory* ſo merry? What? do you trouble your ſelfe with two palſies at once? ſhaking and laughing.

Mem. 'Tis a ſtrange thing that men wil ſo confidently oppoſe themſelues againſt *Platoes* great yeare.

Pha. Why not?

Mem. 'Tis as true an opinion as need b , for I remember it very readily now, that this time 49000. agoe, all we were in this very place, and your Lord-ſhip iudged the very ſame controuerſie after the very ſame manner, in al reſpects and circumſtances alike.

Com.S. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange.

Anam. By the ſame token you held your ſtaffe in your right hand, iuſt as you doe now, and Maſter *Phantaſtes* ſtood wondring at you, gaping as wide as you ſee him,

Phi. I did not I giue you a box on the eare ſirrah, 49000. years agoe? did I (*nappe*) *Ana.* I do not remember that Sir.

Pha. This time *Platoes* twelue-moneth to come, looke you ſaue your cheekes better.

Com.S. But what entertainment had wee at Court for our long (ſtaying.

Mem. Let's goe, Ile tell you as we walke.

Pha. If I doe not ſeeme pranker now then I did in thoſe dayes, Ile be hang'd. *Exeunt omnes interiores Senſus, manet Lingua.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Octaua.

Lingua, Mendacio.

Ling. Why this is good, by *Common-Senſes* meanes,
Lingua thou haſt fram'd a perfect Comedie
They are all good friends whom thou mad'ſt enemies,
And I am halfe a Senſe: a ſweete peece of ſeruice,
I promiſe you a faire ſtep to preferment.
Was this the care and Labour thou haſt taken,
To bring thy foes together to a banquet,
To looſe thy Crowne, and be deluded thus?
Wel, now I ſee my caſe is deſperate,
The judgement paſt, the ſentence irreuocable,
Therefore Ile be content and clap my hands,
And giue a *plaudite* to their proceedings,
What? ſhall I leaue my hatebegun vnperfect?

So fowly vanquisht by the spiteful Senses?
Shall I? the Embassadresse of Gods and men,
That pul'd proud *Phœbe* from her brightsome spheare,
And dark't *Apollo's* countenance with a word?
Raysing at pleasure storms, and winds, and earthquakes
Be ouer-crowed, and breath without reuenge?
Yet they forsooth base slaues must be preferred,
And decke themselues with my right ornaments?
Doth the al-knowing *Phœbus* see this shame
Without redresse? will not the Heauens helpe me?
Then hell shall doo't, my enchaunting tongue
Can mount the skyes, and in a moment fall
From the Pole Articke to darke *Acheron*,
Ile make them know mine anger is not spent,
Lingua hath power to hurt, and will to doe it,
Mendacio come hither quickly sirra. *Men.* Madam.

Ling. Harke hither in thine eares.

Men. Why doe you whisht thus? here is none to heare you.

Ling. I dare not trust these secrets to the Earth, ere since shee brought foorth Reedes, whose babling noise told all the World of *Midas* Asses eares. (*She whispers him in the eare*) Dost vnderstand me?

Men. I, I, I,—neuer feare that—there's a iest indeed—pish, pish, Madam—do you thinke me so foolish?—tut, tut, doubt not.

Liu. Tell her if she doe not.

Men. Why doe you make any question of it—what a stirre is here?—I warrant you presently. *Exit Mendacio.*

Ling. Well, Ile to supper, and so closely couer
The rusty canker of mine yron spight,
With golden foile of goodly semblances,
But if I doe not trounce them— *Exit Lingua.*

Actus 5. Scæna 1.

Mendacio with a bottle in his hand.

Men. MY Lady *Lingua* is iust like one of these leane-witted *Comœdians*, who disturbing all to the fifth Act, bring downe some *Mercury* or *Iupiter* in an Engine to make all friends. So shee, but in a contrary manner, seeing her former plots dispurposed, sends mee to an old Witch called *Acrasia*, to helpe to wreake her spight vpon the Senses: the old Hag, after many an incircled

circum-

circumstance, and often naming of the direfull *Hecate*, and *Demogorgon*, gius me this bottle of wine, mingled with such hellish drugs and forcible words, that whosoeuer drinkes of it shalbe presently possest with an inraged and mad kind of anger.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Secunda.

Mendacio, Crapula, & Appetitus crying.

Men. What's this, *Crapula* beating *Appetitus* out of dores? ha?

Cra. You filthy long-Crane, you meager-slaue, will you kill our guests with blowing continuall hunger in them? (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe) the Senses haue ouercharg'd their stomacks already, and you sirra serue them vp a fresh appetite with euery new dish, they had burst their guts if thou had'st staid but a thought longer? (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe) be gon or Ile set thee away, be gone yee gnaw-bone raw-bone-rascall.

Men. Then my deuise is cleane spoyled, *Appetitus* should haue beene as the bowle to present this medicine to the Senses, and now *Crapula* hath beaten him out of dores, what shal I doe?

Crap. Away sirra, (tiffe, toffe, &c.

Ap. Well *Crapula* well, I haue deserued better at your hands then so, I was the man you know first brought you into *Gustus* his seruice, I lin'd your guts there, and you vse me thus? but grease a fat sow, &c.

Cra. Dost thou talke? (riffe, toffe) hence, hence (t ffe, toffe) hence auaunt curre, auaunt you dogge. *Exit Crapula.*

Ap. The belching gor-belly hath wel nigh kil'd me; I am shut out of dores finely, wel this is my comfort, I may walke now in liberty at my owne pleasure. *Men. Appetitus, Appetitus.*

Ap. Ah, *Mendacio, Mendacio.*

Men. Why how now man, how now? how ist? canst not speak?

Ap. Faith I am like a Bag-pipe, that neuer sounds but when the belly is ful. *Men.* Thou empty, and com'st from a feast?

Ap. From a fray I tell thee *Mendacio*, I am now like the Ewe, that gaue sucke to a Wolues whelpe. I haue nurst vp my fellow *Crapula* so long as he's growne strong enough to beat me. (uice?

Men. And whither wilt thou go, now thou art banisht out of ser-

Ap. Faith Ile trauel to some Colledge or other in an Vniuersity.

Men. VVhy so?

Ap. Because *Appetitus* is well beloued amongst Schollers, for there I can dine and sup with them and rise againe as good friends

as

as wee ſate downe ; Ile thither queſtionleſſe.

Men. Hear'ſt thou? giue me thy hand; by this hand I loue thee go to then thou ſhalt not forſake thy maſters thus, I ſay thou ſhalt not.

Ap. Alas I am very loath ; but how ſhould I helpe it ?

Men. Why take this bottle of Wine, come on, goe thy wayes to them againe. *Ap.* Ha, ha, ha, what good will this doe ?

Men. This is the *Nepenthe* that reconciles the Gods ; doe but let the Senſes taſte of it, and feare not, they'le loue thee as well as euer they did. *Ap.* I pray thee where hadſt it ?

Men. My Lady gaue it me to bring her, *Mercury* ſtole it from *Hebe* for her: thou know'ſt there were ſome iarres betwixt her and thy Maſters, and with this drinke ſhe would gladly waſh out al the reliques of their diſagreement: Now, becauſe I loue thee, thou ſhalt haue the grace of preſenting it to them, & ſo come in fauour againe.

Ap. It ſmels well, I would faine begin to them.

Men. Nay ſtay no longer, leſt they haue ſupt before thou come.

Ap. *Mendacio* how ſhall I requite thy infinite courteſie.

Men. Nay pray thee leaue, goe catch occaſion by the fore-top, but hear'ſt thou ? as ſoone as it is preſented ; round my Lady *Lingua* in the eare and tel her of it.

Ap. I will, I will, I will, adue, adue, adue. *Exit Appetitus*

Actus Quintus. Scena Tertia.

Mendacio ſolus.

Men. Why this is better then I could haue wiſht it,
Fortune I thinke is faine in loue with me,
Anſwering ſo right mine expectation,
By this time *Appetite* is at the Table,
And with a lowly Cringe preſents the Wine
To his old Maſter *Guſtus*, now he takes it,
And drinkes perchance, to *Lingua*, ſhe craftily,
Kiſſes the cup, but lets not downe a drop,
And giues to the reſt, 'tis ſweete, thei'le ſwallow it,
But when 'tis once deſcended to the ſtomacke,
And ſends vp noyſome vapours to the braine,
'Twill make them ſwagger gallantly, they'le rage
Moſt ſtrangely, or *Acraſia's* art deceiues her:
When if my Lady ſtirre her himble tongue,
And cloſely ſow contentious words amongſt them,
O what a ſtabbing there will be ? what bleeding ?

Actus Quintus. Scæna Quarta.

Lingua, Mendacio.

Ling. What, art thou there *Mendacio*? pretty raſcal:
Come let me kiſſe thee for thy good deſerts,
Men. Madame, do'ſt take? haue they all taſted it?
Ling. All, all; and al are well-nigh mad already:
Oh how they ſtare, and ſweare, and fume, and brawle,
Wrath giues them weapons, Pots, and Candle-ſticks,
Ioyn'd-ſtooles, and Trenchers flie about the roome,
Like to the bloudy banquet of the Centaures,
But all the ſport is to ſee what ſeueral thoughts
The potion workes in their imaginations:
For *Viſus* thinkes himſelfe, a ha, ha, ha, ha.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Quinta.

Appetitus, Mendacio, Lingua,

Ap. So-ho, *Mendacio*, ſo-hoe, So hee.
Men. Madame I doubt they come, yonder is *Appetitus*, you had beſt be gone, leſt in their outrage they ſhould injure you. How now *Hunger*? how do'ſt my fine May-pole? ha? *Exit Lingua.*
Ap. I may wel be called a May-pole; for the Senſes doe nothing but daunce a Morice about me.
Men. VVhy? what ayles them? are they not (as I promiſed thee) friends with thee?
Ap. Friends with mee? nay rather frenzy: I neuer knew them in ſuch a caſe in all my life.
Men. Sure they dranke too much, and are mad for loue of thee.
Ap. They want *Common-Senſe* among'ſt them: ther's ſuch a hurly-burly, *Auditus* is ſtarke deafe, and wonders why men ſpeake ſo ſoftly that hee cannot heare them, *Viſus* hath drunke himſelfe ſtarke blind, and therefore imagineth himſelfe to be *Polyphemus*: *Tactus* is raging mad, and cannot be otherwiſe perſwaded, but he is *Hercules furens*, there's ſuch conceits amongſt them.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Sexta.

Viſus, Appetitus, Mendacio.

Viſ. O that I could but find the villaine *Outis*,
Outis the villaine that thus blinded me. *Men.* Who is this? *Viſus.*
Ap. I, I, I, otherwiſe called *Polyphemus.*

Viſ.

Vis. By Heauens bright Sun, the dayes moſt glorious eye,
That lightneth al the world but *Polypheme*,
And by mine eye that once was anſwerable
Vnto that Sun, but now 's extinquiſhed:

Men. He can ſee to ſweare me-thinkes.

Vis. If I but once lay hands vpon the ſlaue
That thus hath rob'd me of my deereſt Iewel,
Ile rend the miſcreant into a thouſand pieces,
And gnaſh his trembling members twixt my teeth,
Drinking his liue-warme blood to ſatisfie
The boyling thirſt of paine and furiouſneſſe,
That thus exaſperates grea· *Polypheme*.

Men. Pray thee *Appetitus* ſee how he graſpes for that he would be loath to find. *Ap.* What's that? a ſtumbling blocke?

Vis. Theſe hands that whilome tore vp ſturdy Oaks,
And rent the rocke that daſht out *Acis* braines,
Both in the ſtole-bliſſe of my *Galatea*,
Serue now (O miſery) to no better vſe
But for bad guides to my vnskilful feete,
Neuer accuſtomed thus to be directed.

Men. As I am a rogue, he wants nothing but a wheele, to make him the true picture of fortune; how ſay'ſt? what ſhall wee play at blind-man-buffe with him? *Ap.* If thou wilt, but firſt Ile try whether he can ſee.

Vis. Find me out *Outis*, ſearch the rocks and woods,
The hils and Dales, and all the Coaſts adioyning,
That I may haue him and reuenge my wrong.

Ap. *Viſus*, me-thinkes your eyes are well enough.

Vis. What's he that cals me *Viſus* do'ſt not know——

(*They runn about him, playing with him, and abuſing him.*)

Ap. To him *Mendacio*, to him, to him.

Men. There, there *Appetitus*, he comes, he comes; ware, ware, he comes, ha, ha, ha, ha. *Viſus ſtumbles, falls downe, and ſits ſtill.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Septima.

Mendacio, Appetitus, Tactus with a great blacke Iacke in his hand.

Men. Is this he that thinkes himſelfe *Hercules*.

Ap. I, wilt ſee me out-ſwagger him?

Men. I do, do, I loue not to ſport with ſuch mad play-fellowes; tickle him *Appetitus*, tickle him, tickle him. *Exit Mendacio.*

Tact. Haue I not here the great and puiſſant Club,
Wherewith I conquer'd three chopt *Cerberus*,
Ap. Haue I not here the ſharpe and war-like teeth,
That at one breake-faſt quail'd thrice three hogs-faces?
Tact. And are not theſe *Alcides* brawny armes,
That rent the Lyons jawes, and kil'd the Boare?
Ap. And is not this the ſtomacke that defeated,
Nine yards of pudding, and a ranke of pies?
Tact. Did not I crop the ſeuen-fold *Hydras* creſt?
And with a riuer clenſed *Augeas* ſtable?
Ap. Did not I cruſh a ſeuen-fold Cuſtards cruſt,
And with my tongue ſwept a wel furniſht Table?
Tact. Did not theſe feet and hands ore-take and ſlay
The nimble Stagge, and fierce impetuous Bul?
Ap. Did not this throate at one good meale deuoure,
That Stags ſweete Veniſon, and that ſtrong Buls-beefe?
Tact. Shal *Hercules* be thus diſparaged?
Iuno! you pouting Queane, you lowring Trul,
Take heed I take you not, for by *Iones* thunder *Exit Viſus*
I'le be reueng'd. *Appetitus drawes Viſus backward from Tactus.*
Ap. Why *Viſus*, *Viſus*, will you be kil'd? away, away.
Tact. Who haue we here? ſee, ſee, the Gyant *Cacus*
Drawes an Oxe back-ward to his theeuiſh den,
Hath this deuiſe ſo long deluded me?
Monſter of men, *Cacus* reſtore my Cattle,
Or inſtantly Ile cruſh thy idle Coxecombe,
And daſh thy doltiſh braines againſt thy caue.
Ap. Cacus, I *Cacus*? ha, ha. ha, *Tactus* you miſtake me.
I am yours to command, *Appetitus*.
Tact. Art *Appetitus*? Th'art ſo; run quickly villaine,
Fetch a whole Oxe to ſatisfie my ſtomacke.
Ap. Fetch an Aſſe to keepe you companie.
Tact. Then downe to Hel, tell *Pluto* Prince of Deuils,
That great *Alcides* wants a Kitchen wench,
To turne his ſpit, command him from my ſelfe,
To ſend vp *Proſerpine* ſhee'le ſerue the turne.
Ap. I muſt find you meate, and the Deuil find you Cookes,
Which is the next way?
Tact. Follow the beaten path thou canſt not miſſe it,
'Tis a wide Cauſey that conducteth thither;

An easie tract, and downe hill al the way,
But if the blacke Prince wil not send her quickly,
But stil detaine her for his bedfellow,
Tell him I'le drag him from his iron chaire,
By the steele Tresses, and then sow him fast,
With the three furies in a letherne bagge,
And thus wil drowne them in the Ocean.

He powres the Lacke of beere vpon Appetitus.

Ap. You had better keepe him aliue to light tobacco-pipes, or to sweepe chimnies. *Tact.* Art thou not gone? nay then I'le send thy soule before, 'twil doe thy message soone (take tiffe.)

Ap. Hercules, Hercules, Hercules? doe you not heare *Omphale?* Harke how she cals you, harke?

Tact 'Tis she indeed, I know her sugred voice:
Omphale, deere Commandresse of my life,
My thoughts repose, sweete Center of my cares,
VVhere all my hopes, and best desires take rest;
Loe! where the mighty sonne of *Iupiter*
Throwes himselfe captiue at your conquering feete?
Doe not disdaine my voluntary humblenesse,
Accept my sernice, blesse me with commanding,
I wil performe the hardest imposition,
And run through twelue new Labours for thy sake,
Omphale, deere commandresse of my life.

Ap. Do you not see how she beckons to you to follow her?
Looke how she holds her distaffe, looke you?

Tact. VVhere is she gone that I may follow her?
Omphale stay, stay, take thy *Hercules.*

Ap. There, there man, you are right. *Exit Tactus.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Octaua.

Appetius Solus

Ap. VVhat a Strange temper are the Senses in?
How comes their wits thus topsie turuy turn'd?
Hercules Tactus, Visus Polypheme.
Two goodly Surnames haue they purchased:
By the rare Ambrosian of an Oyster-pie,
They haue got such proud imaginations,
That I could wish I were mad for company:
But since my fortunes cannot stretch so high,

Ile rest contented with this wise estate.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Nona.

Appetitus, Auditus with a Candlestick.

Ap. What more anger? *Auditus* got abroad too?

Aud. Take this abuse at base *Olfactus* hands?
What did he challenge me to meete him here,
And is not come? well Ile proclaime the slaue
The vildest dastard that ere broke his word;
But stay, yonder's *Appetitus*.

Ap. I pray you *Auditus* what ail's you?

Aud. Ha, ha! *Ap.* What ail's you?

Aud. Ha! what say'st thou? *Ap.* Who hath abus'd you thus?

Aud. Why dost thou whisper thus, canst not speake out?

Ap. Saue me, I had cleane forgotten: why are you so angry *Auditus*? *Au.* Bite vs, who dare bite vs? (*tus* and you?

Ap. I talke of no biting, I say what's the matter between *Olfac-*

Aud. Will *Olfactus* bite me? do if he dares, would he would meet me here according to his promise, Mine eares are somewhat thicke of late, I pray thee speake out lowder.

Ap. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this is fine i'faith: ha, ha, ha, Here you, haue you lost your eares at supper?

Au. Excellent cheere at supper I confesse:
But when 'tis saw'd with sowre contentions.

Ap. Pish, pish, this is my question: hath your supper spoil'd your hearing? *Au.* Hearing at Supper, tell not me of hearing,
But if thou sawest *Olfactus* bring me to him.

Ap. I aske you whether you haue lost your hearing?

Au. O dost thou heare them ring? what a griefe is this,
Thus to be deafe and loose such harmony?
VVretched *Auditus* now shalt thou neuer heare
The pleasing changes that a wel-tun'd Corde
Of trowling Bels will make, when they are true rung,

Ap. Her's adoe indeed, I thinke he is mad, as wel as drunke, or deafe. *Aud.* Ha, whats that?

Ap. I say you haue made me hoarse with speaking so loud.

Au. Ha, what say'st thou of a creaking Crowd?

Ap. I am hoarse I tell you, and my head askes,

Au. Oh I vnderstand thee! the first Crowd was made of a
'Tis true, the finding of a dead horse head, (horse head.

VVas

VVas the first inuention of string instruments,
VVhence rose the Gitterne, Viol, and the Lute:
Though others thinke the Lute was first deuis'd,
In immitation of a Torteſſe backe,
VVhoſe ſinewes parched by *Apollo's* beames,
Ecchoed vpon the concaue of the ſhell,
And ſeeing the ſhorteſt & ſmalleſt gaue ſhrilleſt ſound
They found our frets whoſe ſweete diuerſity
(VVell touched by the skilfull learned fingers)
Raiſeth ſo ſtrange a multitude of Cords,
VVhich their opinion many doe confirme,
Becauſe *Teſtudo* ſignifies a Lute.
But if I by no meanes. ——

Ap. Nay if you begin to Criticke once, we ſhal neuer haue done.

Exit Appetitus, and carries away Auditus perforce.

Actus Quintus, Scæna Decima.

Crapula, *a fat bellied ſlaue, clothed in a light vaile of Sarſenet, a Garland of Vine-leaues on his head, &c.* Somnus *in a Mantle of blacke Cob-web-Lawne downe to the foote, ouer a duskie coloured Taffata Coate, and a Crowne of Poppy tops on his head, a company of darke coloured ſilke ſcarfes in one hand, a Mace of Poppy in the other, leaning his head vpon a pillow on* Crapula's *ſhoulders.*

Cra. Somnus, good *Somnus*, ſweete *Somnus*, come apace!

Som. Hei-oh, oh; are you ſure they be ſo? oho, ho, oho, hei, vaw? VVhat good can I do? ho, hoh, hawe.

Cra. VVhy I tell you, vnleſſe you helpe
Soft ſonne of night, right heire to quietneſſe,
Labours repoſe, liſes beſt reſtoratiue,
Digeſtions carefull Nurſe, bloods Comforter,
VVits helpe, thoughts charme, the ſtay of *Microcoſme*,
Sweete *Somnus*, chiefeſt enemy to Care:
My deareſt friend lift vp thy lampiſh head,
Ope thy dull eyes, ſhake off this drowſineſſe,
Rowſe vp thy ſelfe.

Somnus falls downe and ſleeps.

Som. O *Crapula*, how now, how now, oh, oh, how, whoſe there? *Crapula* ſpeake quickly what's the matter?

Crap. As I told you, the Noble Senſes, Peeres of *Microcoſme*,
Will eſt-ſoone fall to ruine perpetuall,
Vnleſſe your ready helping hand recure them,

Lately

Lately they banquetted at *Guſtus* Table,
And there fell mad, or drunke, I know not whether.
So that it's doubtful in theſe outragious fits
That theile murder one another.

Som. Feare not, if they have ſcapt already,
Bring me to them, or them to me,
Ile quickly make them know the power
Of my large ſtretcht authority:
Theſe cords of ſleepe, wherewith I wont to bind
The ſtrongeſt armes that ere reſiſted me
Shall be the meanes whereby I will correct
The Senſes outrage, and diſtemperature.

Cra. Thanks gentle *Somnus*, I'le go ſeeke them out,
And bring them to you ſoone as poſſible.

Som. Diſpatch it quickly, leaſt I fall aſleepe for want of worke.

Cra. Stand ſtill, ſtand ſtil: *Viſus* I thinke comes yonder,
If you thinke good begin and bind him firſt:
For he made faſt, the reſt will ſoone be quiet. *Exit Crapula*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Secunda.

Viſus, Somnus.

Viſ. Sage *Telemus*, I now too late admire
Thy deepe fore ſight and skill in Prophecy,
VVho whilome told'ſt me that in time to come
Vlyſſes ſhould deprive me of my ſight
And now the ſlaue that marcht in *Outis* name,
Is prou'd *Vlyſſes*, and by this deuice,
Hath ſcapt my hands, and fled away by Sea,
Leauing me deſolate in eternall night.
Ah wretched *Polypheme*, wher's al thy hope,
And longing for thy beauteous *Galetea?*
She ſcorn'd thee once, but now ſhe wil deteſt,
And loath to looke vpon thy darkened face.
Aye me moſt miſerable *Polyphemus*,
But as for *Vlyſſes*, heauen and earth
Send vengeance euer on thy damned head,
In juſt reuenge of my great injury, *Somnus binds him.*
VVhoſe he that dares to touch me? *Cyclops* come,
Come all ye *Cyclops* helpe to reſcue me.

Somnus charmes him, he ſleepes.

Som. There reſt thy ſelfe, and let thy quiet ſleepe,
Reſtore thy weake imagination.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Duodecima.

Lingua, Somnus, Viſus,

Ling. Ha, ha, ha, oh how my ſpleene is tickled with this ſport?
The madding Senſes make about the woods,
It cheeres my ſoule, and makes my body fat
To laugh at their miſchances, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Heigh ho, the ſtitch hath caught me, oh my heart!
Would I had one to hold my ſides a while,
That I might laugh afreſh, oh how they run,
And chafe, and ſweare, and threaten one another. (*Somnus binds her.*
Ay me, out alas, ay me, helpe, helpe, who's this that binds me.
Helpe *Mendacio*, *Mendacio* helpe, her's one will rauiſh me,

Som. *Lingua* content your ſelfe you muſt be bound.

Ling. What a ſpight is this? Are my nayles par'd ſo neere? can I not ſcratch his eyes out? What haue I done? What do you meane to kill me? Murder, murder, murder. *She falls aſleepe.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Decimatertia.

Guſtus, with a voyding knife in his hand, Somnus, Lingua, Viſus.

Guſ. Who cryes out murder? What a woman ſlaine?
My Lady *Lingua* dead? Oh heauens vniuſt,
Can you behold thi[illegible], this bloudy fact,
And ſhower not fier vpon the murderer?
Ah peereleſſe *Lingua* Miſtreſſe of heauenly words,
Sweete tongue of eloquence, the life of fame,
Hearts deere inchantreſſe, what diſaſter fates,
Haue reft this Iewel from our Common-wealth?
Guſtus the Ruby that adornes the Ring,
Loe here defect, how ſhalt thou leade thy dayes,
Wanting the ſweete companion of thy life,
But in darke ſorrow, and dull melancholly?
But ſtay, who's this? Inhumane wretch,
Blood-thirſty miſcreant, is this thy handy-worke,
To kill a woman, a harmeleſſe Lady? (ſides
Villaine prepare thy ſelfe; draw or Ile ſheath my Fauchion in thy
There take the guerdon fit for murderers. (*aſleepe.*

Guſtus offereth to run at Somnus, but being ſuddenly charmed falls.

Som. Her's ſuch a ſtir, I neuer knew the Senſes in ſuch diſorder.

Ling. Ha, ha, ha, *Mendacio, Mendacio,* See how *Viſus* hath broke his fore-head againſt the Oake yonder: ha, ha, ha,

Som. How now? is not *Lingua* bound ſufficiently? I haue more trouble to make one woman ſleepe, then al the world beſides, they are ſo full of tattle.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Decima-quarta.

Somnus. Crapula, (Lingua, Viſus, Guſtus) Auditus pulling Olfactus by the Noſe, and Olfactus wringing Auditus by the eares.

Au. Oh mine eares, mine eares, mine eares.

Olf. Oh my noſe, my noſe, my noſe. (him go

Cra. Leaue, leaue at length theſe baſe contentions, *Olfactus* let

Olf. Let him firſt looſe my noſe.

Cra. Good *Auditus* giue ouer.

And, Ile haue his life that ſought to kill me.

Som. Come, come, Ile end this quarrel, bind him *Crapula.*

They bind them both.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Decima-quinta.

Tactus with his Robe in his hand, Somnus, Crapula, Lingua, Guſtus, Olfactus, Viſus, Auditus.

Tactus. Thankes *Deianiera,* for thy kind remembrance,
'Tis a faire ſhirt, Ile weare it for thy ſake.

Cra. Somnus, here's *Tactus* worſe then all his fellowes,
Stay but a while and you ſhal ſee him rage.

Som. What will he doe? ſee that he ſcapes vs not.

Tact. 'Tis a good ſhirt, it fits me paſſing well,
'Tis very warme indeed; but what's the matter?
Me thinkes I am ſomewhat hotter then I was.
My heart beats faſter then 'twas wont to doe,
My braines inflam'd, my temples ake extreamly, oh, oh,
Oh what a wild-fire creepes among my bowels!
Ætna's within my breſt, my marrow fries,
And runs about my bones, Oh my ſides, Oh my ſides!
My ſides, my reines, my head, my reines, my head;
My heart, my heart, my liver, my liuer, Oh!
I burne, I burne, I burne; Oh how I burne
With ſcortching heate of implacable fire!
I burne extreame with flames vnſufferable.

Som.

Som. Sure he doth but trie how to act *Hercules*,

Tact. Is it this fire that boiles me thus? oh heauens!
It fires me worse, and heates more furiously
Then *Ioues* dire thunder-bolts; oh miserable,
They bide lesse paine that bathe in *Phlegeton*;
Could not the triple Kingdome of the world,
Heauen, Earth, and Hell destroy *Hercules*?
Could not the damned sprights of hatefull *Iuno*,
Nor the great dangers of my Labours kill me?
Am I the mighty sonne of *Iupiter*?
And shall this poisoned linnen thus consume me?
Shall I be burnt? villaines flie vp to heauen,
Bid *Iris* muster vp a troupe of clouds,
And shower downe cataracts of raine to coole me,
Or else Ile breake her speckled bow in pieces,
Will she not? No, she hates me like her mistresse;
Why then descend your rogues to the vile deepe,
Fetch *Neptune* hither, charge him bring the Sea
To quench these flames, or else the Worlds faire frame
Will be in greater danger to be burnt,
Then when proud *Phaeton* rul'd the Sunnes rich Chariot.

Som. Ile take that care the world shal not be burnt,
If *Somnus* cords can hold you. *Somnus binds him.*

Tact. What *Vulcan's* this that offers to inchaine,
A greater souldier then the God of warre?

Som. He that each night with bloodlesse battel conquers
The proudest Conqueror that triumphs by warres.

Crap. Now *Somnus* there's but onely one remaining,
That was the Author of these out-rages.

Som. Who's that, is he vnder my command?

Crap. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis *Appetitus*; if you goe that way, and looke about those thickets, Ile goe hither and seearch this groue, I doubt not but to find him.

Som. Content. *Exeunt Somnus and Crapula*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Decima-sexta.

Appetitus Irascibilis with a Willow in his hand puld vp by the roots. Somnus, Crapula. The Senses all asleepe.

Ap. So now's the time that I would gladly meete
These madding *Senses* that abus'd me thus;

What haunt me like an Owle? make an Asse of me?
No they shal know, I scorne to serue such masters,
As cannot master their affections,
Their injuries haue chang'd my nature,
Now I'le be no more cal'd hungry Parasite:
But henceforth answere to the wrathfull name
Of angry *Appetite*, my choller's vp:
Zephirus coole me quickly with thy fanne,
Or else Ile cut thy cheekes: why this is braue,
Farre better then to fawne at *Gustus* table
For a few scraps: no, no, such words as these:
By *Pluto* stabbe the villaine, kil the slaue:
By the infernal Hagges Ile hough the rogue,
And paunch the rascall that abus'd me thus:
Such words as these, fit angry Appetite. *Enter Crapula.*

Cra. Somnus, Somnus, come hither, come hither quickly, hee's here, he's here.

Ap. I marry is he sirra, what of that base miscreant *Crapula*.

Cra. O gentle *Appetitus*.

Ap. You muddy gulche, dar'st looke me in the face, while mine eyes sparkle with reuengeful fire? (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe.)

Cra. Good *Appetitus*,

Ap. Peace you fat Bawson, peace, (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe.)
Seest not this fatal engine of my wrath?
Villaine, Ile maule thee for thine old offences,
And grinde thy bones to pieces with this pestle,
You, when I had no weapons to defend mee,
Could beate me out of doores; but now prepare,
Make thy selfe ready, for thou shalt not scape,
Thus doth the great reuengeful *Appetite*,
Vpon his fat foe wreake his wrathful spite.

Appetitus heaueth vp his Club to braine Crapula. but Somnus in the meane time catcheth him behind, and binds him.

Som. Why how now *Crapula*?

Cra. Am I not dead? is not my soule departed?

Som. No, no, see where he lies that would haue hurt thee, feare nothing. *Somnus layes the Senses in a circle feete to feet, and wafts his wand ouer them.*

So rest you al in silent quietnesse,
Let nothing wake you til the power of sleepe

With

VVith his ſweete dew, cooling your braines inflamed,
Hath rectified the vaine and idle thoughts,
Bred by your ſurfeit and diſtemperature:
Lo here the Senſes late outragious,
All in a round together ſleepe like friends,
For ther's no difference twixt the King and Clowne,
The poore and rich, the beauteous and deformed,
VVrapt in the vaile of night, and bonds of ſleepe.
VVithout whoſe power and ſweete dominion,
Our life were Hell, and pleaſure painfulneſſe,
The ſting of enuy, and the dart of loue,
Auarice talons, and the fire of hate,
VVould poyſon, would diſtract, and ſoone conſume
The heart, the liuer, life, and mind of man.
The ſturdy Mower, that with brawny armes,
Wieldeth the crooked ſith in many a ſwathe,
Cutting the flowry pride on the veluet plaine,
Lies downe at night, and in the vveary folds
Of his wiues armes, forgets his Labours paſt,
The painefull Marriner, and carefull Smith,
The toyling Plow-man, al Artificers,
Moſt humbly yeeld to my dominion.
Without due reſt nothing is durable,
Lo thus doth *Somnus* conquer al the world
With his moſt awful wand, and halfe the yeere
Raignes ouer the beſt and proudeſt Emperours,
Only the Nurſlings of the ſiſters nine,
Rebel againſt me, ſcorne my great command,
And when darke night from her bedeawy wings,
Drops ſleepy ſilence to the eyes of all,
They only wake, and with vnwearied toyle,
Labour to find the *Via lactea*,
That leads to the Heauen of immortallity,
And by the lofty towring of their mind,
Fledg'd with the feathers of a learned Muſe,
They raiſe themſelues vnto the higheſt pitch,
Marrying baſe Earth, and Heauen in a thought,
But thus I puniſh their rebellion,
Their induſtry was neuer yet rewarded,
Better to ſleepe, then wake and toyle for nothing.

Exeunt Somnus & Crapula.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Decimaſeptima.

The fiue Senſes, *Lingua*, *Appetitus* all aſleepe, and dreaming, *Phantaſtes*, *Heureſis*.

An. So ho, Rockwood, ſo ho Rockwood, Rockwood, your Organ, hay Chanter, Chanter, by *Actæons* head-tyre it's a very deepe-mouth'd dog, a moſt admirable cry of Hounds: looke here againe, againe there, there, ah ware Counter.

Viſ. Do you ſee the full Moone yonder, and not the man in it? why me thinkes 'tis too too euident, I ſee his dog very plaine, and looke you, juſt vnder his taile is a thorne-buſh of the Furres.

Guſ. 'Twil make a fine tooth-picke, that Larks heele there: O doe not burne it.

Pha. Boy, *Heureſis*, what think'ſt thou I thinke, when I thinke nothing.

Heu. And it pleaſe you ſir, I thinke you are deuiſing how to anſwere a man that askes you nothing.

Pha. Wel geſt boy, but yet thou miſtook'ſt it: for I was thinking of the conſtancy of women. *Appetitus ſnores aloud.* Beware ſirra, take heed, I doubt me her's ſome wild Boare lodged hereabout, How now? mee thinks theſe bee the Senſes, ha? in my conceit the elder brother of death has kiſt them. (oh, oh

Tact. Oh, oh, oh, I am ſtabd, I am ſtabd, hold your hand, oh,

Pha. How now? doe they talke in their ſleepe? are they not awake *Heureſis*?

Heu. No queſtionleſſe, they be all faſt aſleepe.

Guſ. Eate not too many of thoſe Apples, they bee very flatiue.

Olf. Foh, beate out this dog here, foh, wasit you *Appetitus*?

An. In faith it was moſt ſweetely winded, whoſoeuer it was, the warble is very good, and the horne is excellent.

Tact. Put on man, put on, keepe your head warme, 'tis cold.

Pha. Ha, ha, ha, ſt, *Heureſis*, ſtir not ſirra.

Ap. Shut the doore, the pot runs ouer, ſirra Cooke, that wil bee a ſweete Paſty if you nibble the Veniſon ſo.

Guſ. Say you ſo? is a Marrow-pie the *Helena* of meats? giue me't, if I play not *Paris* hang me, Boy, a cleane Trencher.

Ap. Serue vp, ſerue vp, this is a fat Rabet, would I might haue the maiden-head of it: Come giue mee the fiſh there; who hath medled with theſe maides? ha?

Olf.

Olf. Fie, ſhut your ſnuffers cloſer for ſhame, 'tis the worſt ſmel that can be.

Tact. O the crampe, the crampe, the crampe, my leg, my leg.

Ling. I muſt abroad preſently, reach me my beſt Necklace preſently. *Pha.* Ah *Lingua* are you there?

An. Here take this rope, and Ile helpe the leader, cloſe with the ſecond Bel: Fie, fie, ther's a goodly peale cleane ſpoild.

Viſ. Ile lay my life that Gentlewoman is painted: well well, I know it, marke but her noſe, do you not ſee the complection crack out? I muſt confeſſe 'tis a good picture.

Tact. Ha, ha, ha, fie, I pray you leaue, you tickle me ſo, oh, ha, ha, take away your hands I cannot endure, ah you tickle mee, ha, ha, ha.

Viſ. Hai, rett, rett, rett, now bird, now; looke about that buſh ſhe truſt her thereabout, ——here ſhe is, ware wing Cater, ware wing avaunt. *Lin.* Mum, mum, mum, mum,

Pha. ſt, ſirra take heed you wake her not.

Hen. I know ſir ſhe is faſt aſleepe, for her mouth is ſhut.

Ling. This 'tis to venture vpon ſuch vncertainties to looſe ſo rich a Crowne to no end. VVell, wel.

Pha. Ha, ha, ha, we ſhal here anon where ſhee loſt her maidenhead, ſt, boy, my Lord Vicegerent, and maſter Regiſter are hard by, run quickly tell them of this accident, wiſh them come ſoftly.

Exit Henreſis.

Lin. Mendacio, neuer talke further, I doubt 'tis paſt recouery, and my Robe likewiſe, I ſhal neuer haue them againe, well, wel.

Pha. How? her Crowne and her Robe, neuer recouer them? hum, waſt not ſaid to be left by *Mercury*? ha? I conjecture beer's ſome knauery ——faſt lock't with ſleepe, in good faith. VVas that Crowne and garment yours *Lingua*?

Ling. I marry were they, and that ſome-body hath felt, and ſhal feele more if I liue.

Pha. O ſtrange, ſhee anſweres in her ſleepe to my queſtion, but how come the Senſes to ſtriue for it?

Ling. VVhy I laid it vpon purpoſe in their way, that they might fall together by the eares.

Pha. VVhat a ſtrange thing is this?

Actus Quintus. Scæna Decima-octaua.

The Senſes, *Appetitus and Lingua aſleepe, Phantaſter, Communis Senſus, Memoria, Anamneſtes.*

Pha. ſt, my Lord, ſoftly, ſoftly, her's the notableſt piece of trea-

ſon diſcouered; how ſay you? *Lingua* ſet al the Senſes at ods, ſhee hath confeſt it to me in her ſleepe?

Com.S. Is't poſſible Maſter Regiſter? did you euer know any talke in their ſleepe?

Mem. I remember my Lord, many haue done ſo very oft; but women are troubled eſpecially with this talking diſeaſe, many of them I haue heard anſwere in their dreames, and tell what they did all the day awake.

An. By the ſame token there was a wanton Maid, that beeing asked by her Mother, what ſuch a one did with her ſo late one night in ſuch a roome, ſhe preſently ſaid that——

Mem. Peace you vile rake-hel, is ſuch a ieſt fit for this company? No more I ſay firra.

Pha. My Lord, will you beleeue your owne eares, you ſhal heare her anſwere me as directly and truly as may be. *Lingua* what did you with the Crowne and Garments?

Ling. Ile tell thee *Mendacio:*

Pha. She thinkes *Mendacio* ſpeakes to her, marke now, marke how truly ſhe will anſwere. VVhat ſay you Madame?

Lin. I ſay *Phantaſtes* is a fooliſh transparant gul, a meere phantaſticke nupſon, in my imagination not worthy to ſit as a Iudges aſſiſtant.

Com.S. Ha, ha, ha, how truely and directly ſhe anſwers?

Pha. Faw, faw, ſhee dreames now, ſhee knowes not what ſhee ſayes, Ile try her once againe: Madame, what remedy can you haue for your great loſſes?

Lin. O, are you come *Acraſia?* welcome, welcome, boy reach a Cuſhion, ſit downe good *Acraſia*; I am ſo beholding to you, your potion wrought exceedingly, the Senſes were ſo mad, did not you ſee how they raged about the woods?

Com.S. Hum *Acraſia?* is *Acraſia* her confederate? my life that VVitch hath wrought ſome villanie——*Lingua riſeth in her ſleepe and walketh.* How's this? is ſhe aſleepe? haue you ſeene one walke thus before?

Men. It is a very common thing, I haue ſeene many ſicke of the Peripateticke diſeaſe.

An. By the ſame token, my Lord, I knew one that went abroad in his ſleepe, bent his Bow, ſhot at a Mag-pie kild her, fetcht his arrow, came home, lockt his doores, and went to bed againe.

Com.S. VVhat ſhould bee the reaſon of it?

Men.

Men. I remember *Saliger* told mee the reaſon once, as I thinke thus, the Nerues that carry the mouing faculty from the braines to the thighs, legges, feete, and armes, are wider farre then the other Nerues, wherefore they are not ſo eaſily ſtopt with the vapours of ſleepe, but are night and day ready to performe what fancy ſhall command them.

Com.S. It may be ſo, but *Phantaſtes* enquire more of *Acraſia*.

Pha. What did you with the po ion *Acraſia* made you?

Lin. Gaue it to the Sences, and made them as mad as——well, if I can not recouer it——let it go, Ile not leaue them thus.

She lyes downe againe.

Com.S. Boy, awake the Senſes there.

Anam. Hoe, ho, *Auditus*, vp, vp; ſo hoe, *Olfactus* haue at your noſe, vp *Viſus*, *Guſtus*, *Tactus*, vp: What can you not feele a pinch? haue at you with a pinne. *Tact.* Oh you ſtab me, Oh.

Com.S. *Tactus*, know you how you came hither?

Tact. No my Lord, not I, this I remember,
We ſupt with *Guſtus*, and had wine good ſtore,
Whereof I thinke I taſted liberally:
Amongſt the reſt we drunke a compoſition,
Of a moſt delicate and pleaſant reliſh,
That made our braines ſome-what irregular.

Actus Quintus, Scæna Decima-nona.

The Senſes awake, Lingua aſleepe, Communis Senſus, Memory, Phantaſtes, Anamneſtes, Heureſis drawing Crapula,

Heu. My Lord, here's a fat Raſcall was lurking in a buſh very ſuſpitiouſly, he ſaies his name, is *Crapula*.

Com.S. Sirra, ſpeake quickly what you know of theſe troubles.

Cra. Nothing my Lord, but that the Senſes were mad, and that *Somnus* at my requeſt, laid them aſleep in hope to recouer them.

Com.S. Why then 'tis too euident, *Acraſia* at *Linguas* requeſt bewitcht the Senſes, wake her quickly *Heureſis*.

Ling. Heigh ho, out alas, aye me, where am I? how came I here? where am I? ah.

Com.S. *Lingua* looke ſo ſtrangely vpon the matter, you haue confeſt in your ſleep, that with a Crown and a Robe you haue diſturb'd the Senſes, vſing a crafty helpe to enrage them, can you deny it?

Ling. Aye me, moſt miſerable wretch, I beſeech your Lord-ſhip forgiue me. (*He conſults with Memory*)

Com.S. No,no,'tis a fault vnpardonable.

Pha. In my conceit *Lingua* you ſhould ſeale vp your lips,when you goe to bed,theſe Feminine tongues be ſo glib.

Com.S. Viſus, Tactus, & the reſt,our former ſentence concerning you wee confirme as irreuocable, and eſtabliſh the Crowne to you *Viſus*,and the Robe to you *Tactus*,but as for you *Lingua*——

Ling. Let me haue mine owne,howſoeuer you determine, I beſeech you.

Com.S. That may not be,your goods are fallen into our hands, my ſentence cannot be recalled; you may ſee,thoſe that ſeeke what is not theirs,oftentimes loſe what's their owne. Therfore *Lingua* granting you your life, I commit you to cloſe priſon in *Guſtus* his houſe; and charge you *Guſtus* to keepe her vnder the cuſtodie of two ſtrong doores,and euery day till ſhe come to 80. yeeres of age, ſee ſhe be well garded with 30. tall watchmen, without whoſe licence ſhe ſhall by no names wag abroad,neuertheleſſe vſe her Lady like,according to her eſtate.

Phau. I pray you my Lord, adde this to the judgement that whenſoeuer ſhee obtaineth licenſe to walke abroad, in token the Tongue was the cauſe of her offence, let her weare a Veluet-hood made iuſt in the faſhion of a great tongue, in my conceit 'tis a very pretty Embleme of a woman,

Tact. My Lord,ſhee hath a vile boy to her Page, a chiefe agent in this treaſon,his name's *Mendacio.*

Com.S. Ha? well,I will inflict this puniſhment on him for this time,let him bee ſoundly whipt, and euer after, though he ſhall ſtrengthen his ſpeeches with the ſinewes of trueth, yet none ſhall beleeue him.

Pha. In my imagination, my Lord, the day is dead to the great Toe, and in my conceit it growes darke, by which I coniecture it wil be cold,therefore in my fancie & opinion 'tis beſt to repaire to our lodging. *Exeunt omnes,exceptis Anamneſtes & Appetitus.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Vigeſima.

Anamneſtes, Appetitus aſleepe in a corner.

An. VVhat's this, a fellow whiſpering ſo cloſely with the earth,ho,ſo hoe,ſo ho, *Appetitus*,how,I'faith now I think *Morpheus* himſelfe hath bin here, vp with a poxe to you,vp you luske,I haue ſuch newes to tell thee Sirra all the Senſes are well, and *Lingua* is proued

proued guiltie vp, vp, vp. I neuer knew him ſo faſt aſleepe in all my life. *Appetitus ſnores.*
Nay then haue at yon afreſh, tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe.

Ap. Iog me once againe, and Ile throw this hot meſſe of pottage in your face, cannot one ſtand quietly at the Dreſſer for you.

An. Ha, ha, ha, I thinke it is impoſſible for him to ſleepe longer then hee dreamee of victuals, what *Appetitus*, vp quickly, quickly, tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe, vp quickly, tiffe, toffe.

Appe. Ile come preſently, but I hope you'le ſtay till they bee roaſted, will you eate them raw.

Anam. Roaſted, ha, ha, ha; vp, vp, vp, away.

Appe. Reach the ſawce quickly, here's no ſage, whaw, whaw, whaw, oh, oh, oh.

An. What neuer wake, riffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe, wilt neuer be,
Then I muſt try another way I ſee.

EPILOGVS.

IVdicious friends it is ſo late at night,
I cannot waken hungry Appetite:
Then ſince the cloſe vpon his riſing ſtands,
Let me obtaine this at your courteous hands
Try if the friendly opportunity
Of your good Will and gracious Plauditie,
With the thrice welcome murmure it ſhall keepe,
Can beg this Priſoner from the bands of ſleepe.

Vpon the *Plaudite*, *Appetitus* waketh
And runneth in after *Anamneſtes.*

FINIS.

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